Saturday Review

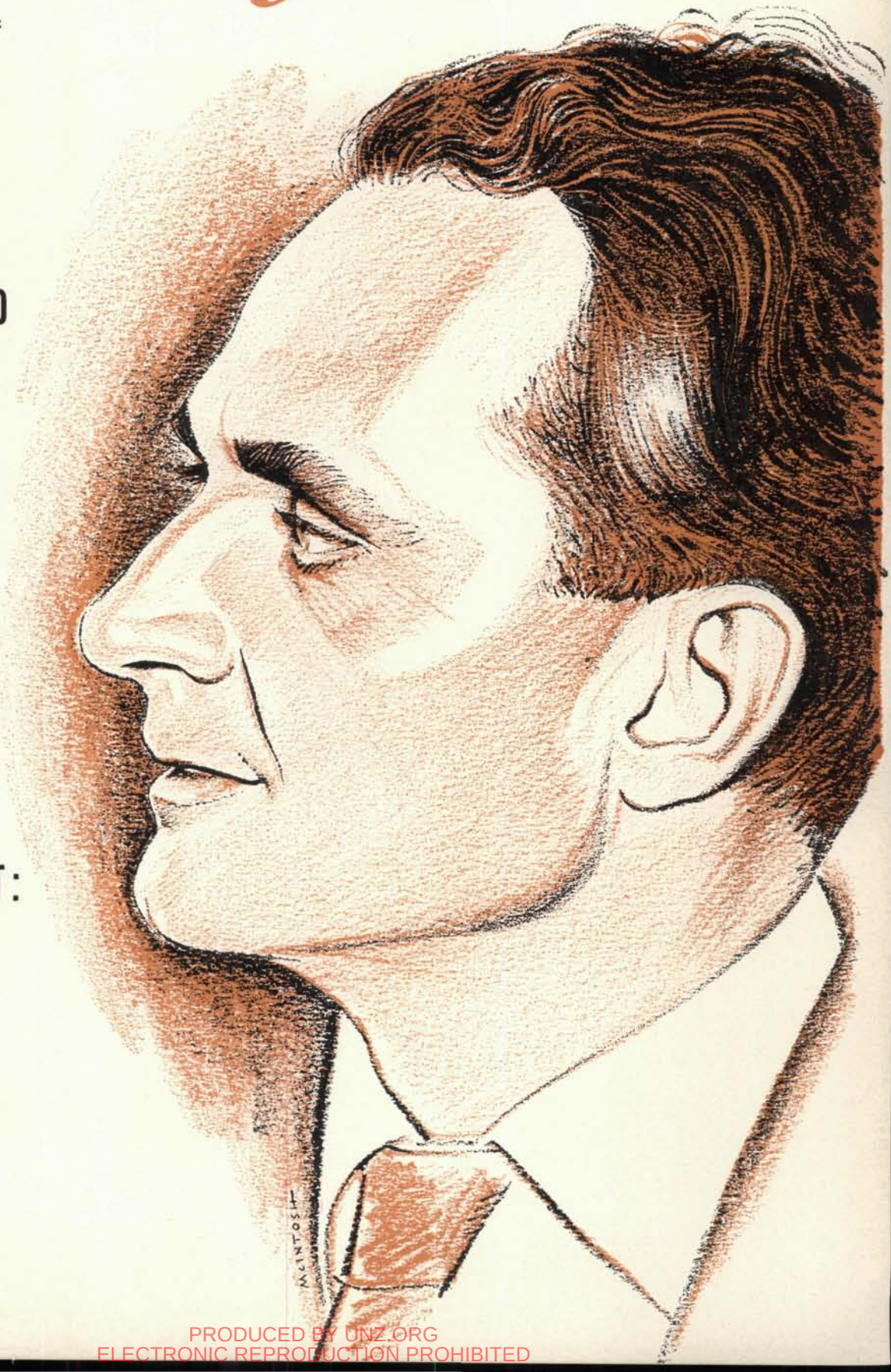
ARCH 12, 1955 / 20¢

VOTES, WIZARDS,
ROADS, AND BREAD
By Philip Woodruff

THE RETURN OF
D. H. LAWRENCE
By Harry T. Moore

FESTIVAL FORECAST:
EUROPE 1955

tephen Spender, author of
Collected Poems."
See page 14)



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A new evaluation by
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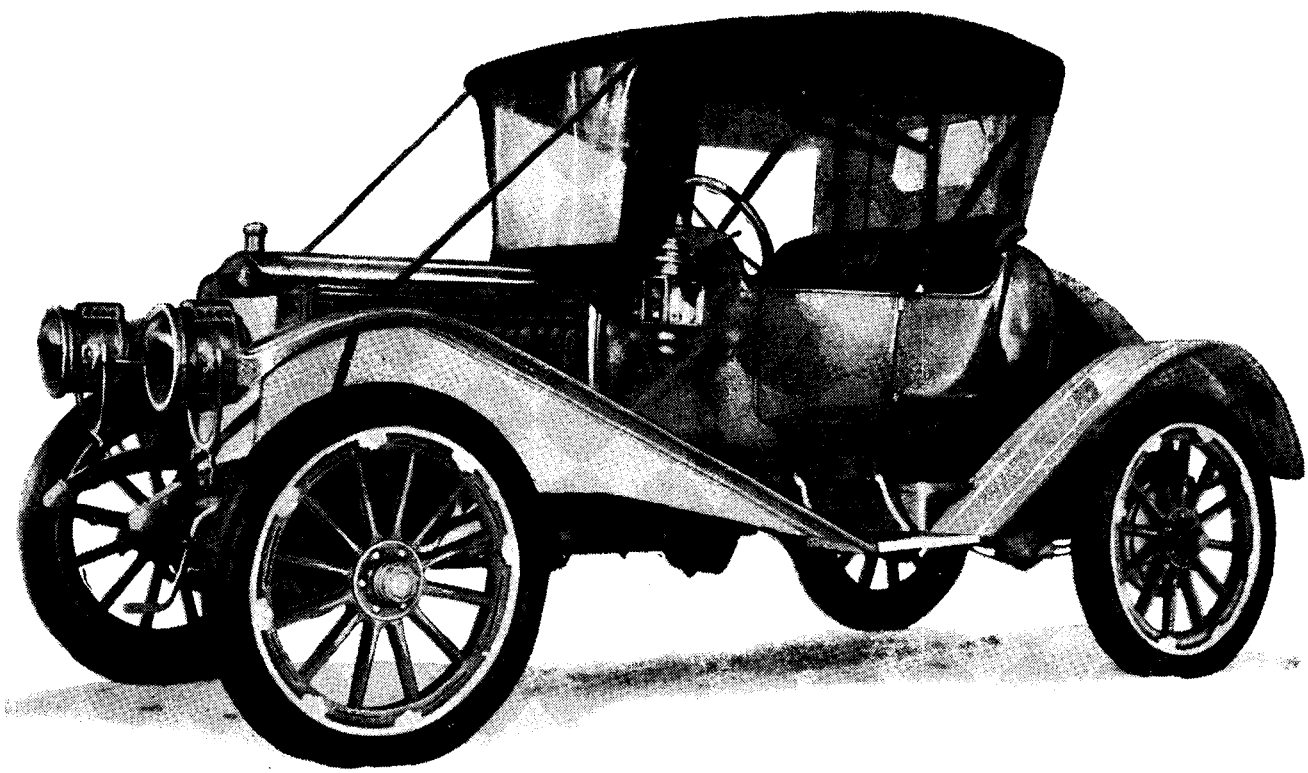

How do you like the 1955 model?

That's probably what today's cars would look like if it weren't for *Competition*.

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And competition among the watchmakers of Switzerland themselves has produced the fine Swiss jeweled-lever watches that have long been favorites in America.

Now—wherever there's competition, there's commerce.

For instance, since 1946, Americans have bought about $425,000,000 worth of watches and watch movements imported from the Swiss. Most of these were cased, banded and boxed in the U.S.A., and all were sold through American watch manufacturers, importers and assemblers, and retail jewelers.

In return, the Swiss people have spent $1,300,000,000 in the U.S.A. for farm products, appliances, movies, medicines, chemicals, clothing, machines, airplanes, cars. It's well known that the Swiss are America's best *cash* customer in Europe.

See how competition creates jobs—in Switzerland *and* in America?

But suppose there was *no* competition. What then?

There would be a return to the horse-and-buggy ways of doing business.

That's the reason why the watchmakers of Switzerland—free, independent, competitive businessmen and workingmen—want to keep the word *Competition* large and alive. Daily competition among themselves in their own industry is a bulwark of their high scale of wages, why they enjoy the highest standard of living to be found outside the United States.

Competition is the life-blood of business, certainly. But it is also the accepted way of life for the United States and Switzerland, the largest and the littlest democracies in the world.

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during the 104th anniversary of

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pledged between the people of

America and the people of Switzerland

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Any college junior taking a course in the History of the Novel is aware that there are just a few basic types of novels, and that their popularity moves in cycles.

One type that (thanks to the activities of the soap merchants of Madison Avenue and Radio City) has currently fallen into a state of desuetude and disrespect is the love story.

By "love story," of course, I do not mean the tale of grand and tragic passion, but rather the less complicated one about a girl and a boy who meet, fall in love, are happy, then unhappy, and finally are happy again.

I've just had the pleasant experience of reading a new book which restores the love story to its proper position. It is "A Room In Paris," by Peggy Mann, and it may surprise you (as it surprised me a little) to know that a first novelist writing about the present generation of American expatriates in Paris has created a group of characters who are relatively normal and absolutely believable.

I suppose that a novel of young love just about *has* to be set in Paris. But there's a new twist in this book: the setting is Paris in the winter. Anyone who knows the city will know how well Miss Mann has captured its appeal; and those who haven't been there will understand from this book a little of how it is that young people in Paris can't help falling in love with each other — and also with Paris.

And certainly "A Room In Paris" demonstrates conclusively that Paris in the Spring has nothing on Paris in the Winter.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"A Room in Paris" ($3.95), by Peggy Mann, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including those at 4934 Maryland Ave., 310 N. 8th St., St. Louis and 124 N. Lockwood, Webster Groves, Missouri. "A Room in Paris" is recommended as advance reading for anyone planning to visit France this summer.
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The Saturday Review

MARCH 12, 1955

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

THE SHAH OF IRAN and his lovely Queen have been touring the United States in recent weeks, seeing the sights, observing our customs, and causing numerous ladies of my acquaintance to learn how to curtsy for the first time (they used a pamphlet issued by the Curtsy Publishing Co.)

The whoop-to-do reminded George Burke, alert publicist for the Encyclopedia Britannica, of a time way back in 1797 when Futteh Ali, Shah of Persia, was presented with a set of the Britannica by the English ambassador. The Shah read all the (then) eighteen volumes through and was so impressed by both the contents and his own zeal that he bestowed upon himself a new title: "Most Formidable Lord and Master of the Encyclopedia Britannica." That made the full title of this illustrious Shah read as follows:

"The Most Exalted and Generous Prince; Brilliant as the Moon; Resplendent as the Sun; The Jewel of the World; The Center of Beauty, of Mussulmen, and of the True Faith; Shadow of God; Mirror of Justice; Asylum of True Believers; The Most Powerful, Most Magnificent, Most Generous King of Kings, Grace of Beauty, of Sovereignty, of Royalty; Phoenix of Good Fortune; Favorite of Heaven; Shade of the All Highest; Protector and Sanctuary of All Nations; The Source of Majesty, of Grandeur, of Power, of Glory; Equal of the Sun; Chief of the Great Kings; Master of the Constellations, Whose Throne is the Stirrup of Heaven; and Most Formidable Lord and Master of the Encyclopedia Britannica."

IRVING HOFFMAN, the peripatetic publicist and pamphleteer, has acquired about 17,000 intimate friends in the past decade, all of whom insist upon carrying on voluminous correspondence with him. To retain any semblance of sanity, Irving has resorted to an answering form, which is reproduced on this page by permission, on a hunch that other beleaguered souls may be able to adapt it to their own needs. As an example of how our Irving gets around, J. Edgar Hoover wrote him a note of thanks for being included on the form, Max Beerbohm in Rapallo requested a copy, and the madam of a questionable resort in Acapulco asked what the going charge would be to have her place mentioned instead of the Sunning House in Hongkong.

I HAVE NEVER CEASED to be amazed at the number of people in this world

IRVING HOFFMAN'S
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HANDY-DANDY-LITTLE GIANT NERVOUS BREAKDOWN AVOIDER AND MAIL ANSWERING FORM

As it is the mark of great minds to say many things in a few words, so it is that of little minds to use many words to say nothing. (From La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," 1665)

No ☐ Yes ☐ Maybe ☐
Congratulations ☐
So sorry ☐ Get well soon ☐
Very funny ☐ Heh Heh ☐
Thanks a million ☐
You're welcome ☐ Please return ☐
I'll call you ☐ Call me ☐
Let's both forget it ☐
Too hot ☐ Too cold ☐
Too much effort ☐
Too silly ☐ Too bad ☐ Too sad ☐
Having a fine time wish you were here ☐
I'll meet you under the clock at Grand Central Station ☐
In the Lobby of Sunning House, Hongkong ☐
Mr. Hoffman is out of town ☐ (Sec'y to Mr. Hoffman)
Mr. Hoffman is out of the country ☐ (Sec'y to Mr. Hoffman)
Mr. Hoffman is out of this world ☐ (Sec'y to Mr. Hoffman)
To be frank with you Mr. Hoffman has no secretary and has decided to stop subsidizing the U.S. mails ☐

Merry Christmas ☐ Happy New Year ☐
Happy Washington's Birthday ☐ Happy Lincoln's Birthday ☐
Happy Valentine's Day ☐

Mr. Hoffman has been declared a mental incompetent. Your communication has been forwarded to his attorney ☐

Mr. Hoffman has now retired from public life and is tending entirely to his private pursuits. To handle your problem you should get in touch with:

President Eisenhower ☐
George Solotaire ☐ Dept. of Sanitation ☐
Dorothy Dix ☐ Rose Franzblau ☐
Madison Personal Loan ☐ J. Edgar Hoover ☐

My Uncle Max takes care of all my insurance ☐

Enclosed please find check ☐

Out to lunch ☐ Lunch is out ☐

You have paid me the highest compliment a woman ever paid a man—but I am not worthy of your love ☐

Please enclose blood specimens with subpoenas in all paternity suits ☐

Irving Hoffman resorts to an answering form—"17,000 intimate friends."

"Speculation . . . is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well-known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices, and providing for periods of want. It is true that the success of the strong induces imitation by the weak, and that incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin by undertaking to speculate in their turn. But legislatures and courts generally have recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand . . ."

Mr. Justice Holmes
United States Supreme Court
May 8, 1905

Justice Holmes was right

Obviously in a society built on risk-taking there's a place for the man who can afford to take the *big* risk—the man who has the money *and* the temperament for successful speculation.

Nobody can begrudge him his success, for where would we be here in America without his breed?

But don't let his success mislead you. Don't speculate unless you can meet the specifications. Maybe you've got the cash but lack the temperament. Maybe you've got the temperament but lack the cash. Either way can be fatal.

Of course, most of our customers aren't speculators. They're investors.

That means they're risk-takers too, but on a much more modest scale. They're people who buy a share of ownership in some established American business, because they expect that business to grow over the years and pay them a good return on their money as long as business prospects are good. Most times they've been right.

Yes, we think investing is a good thing. And speculation, too, in its place.

But don't forget what Justice Holmes had to say. We think he was right.

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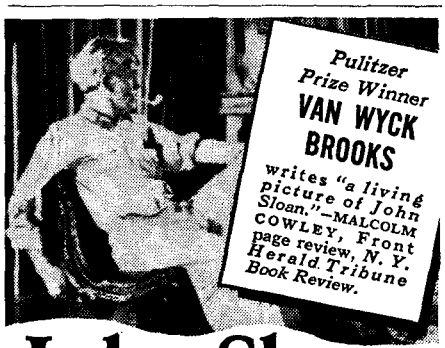
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writes "a living picture of John Sloan."—MALCOLM COWLEY, Front page review, N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.

John Sloan

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FACTS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS—BEST NEW REFERENCE BOOKS BUILDING UP YOUR HOME REFERENCE LIBRARY
The Saturday Review—March 19

who are happy only when they a meddling in other people's bus ness.

There is an amiable and no dou well-meaning gentleman, for instan just outside the city limits of Ne York who reacts violently every tir he sees a picture of a man puffi happily on a pipe. Encouraged nobody, he has constituted himself one-man committee to banish t joys of smoking from this earth. A lest this objective be too modest f a man of his caliber, he also advocat the abolition of caffeine drin ("coffee, tea, chocolate, and colas" I advocate the abolition of him.

Every time there appears on tl masthead of my column in *This We* magazine a picture of me with a pi I get a letter from this gentlem warning that I am contributing to tl delinquency of all minors and insin ating that I am "getting a rake-c from the tobacco companies for th insidious advertising."

Generally I read these letters wi fleeting annoyance and toss them in the wastebasket, but recently the arrived one that went a step too fa It cited the tragic plight of a wretc "who had refused to see the light an gone on taking dope." He was a sale man, I was informed, "about my ag who looked as robust as I did c TV." Then, bingo! he "died of lur cancer."

This letter I answered. "Than you," I wrote, "for telling me th lovely story of the robust salesma about my age who expired of lun cancer because he wouldn't give u smoking. I have a story to tell yo in return.

"It's about a man who was walkin on the left side of the street and sa somebody he knew on the right sid smoking his pipe contentedly. Al though it was none of his concer the man felt impelled to cross th street and warn the smoker of th danger he was courting. No soone had he reached the sidewalk than safe fell out of a ninth-story windov landed on his head, and squashed hi to death. Had he stayed on the sid of the street where he belonged, c course, and minded his own busines he would be enjoying life today i the pink of condition."

If you think this stopped m meddlesome correspondent, you un derrate his persistence. Back came note warning me, "Your phony stor is similar to one Irvin Cobb sent m in 1942, two years before he died... Do you think it adds to the prestig of your publishing house for its presi dent to be known as a pipe smoker?

Well, I don't know about prestige but I do know I enjoy a pipe an expect to continue to enjoy it for th

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rest of my life. It's busybodies who give me a pain—not tobacco!

MANY RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS to this pillar of erudition have had a distinctly punicious flavor—a sop, perchance, to the base laws of Cerfitude. Edna Fisher, of Jenkintown, for instance, misplaced an LP record recently. "Where," she mused, "could it have gone?" "Probably," suggested an offspring, "it's Haydn." . . . When Dr. Tubman, President of Liberia, blew into Akron, Ohio, for a visit, R. Russell Munn, at the public library there, protested, "I thought *I* was chief Liberian in these parts!" . . . Pat Flannery reports that a copper-colored lady is in permanent residence at the Albuquerque railroad station, selling beads, and surrounded by a huge flock of children. Some tourist usually inquires, "Them Injun?" The unsmiling lady replies, "Part Injun. Part Injuneer." . . . And Vanessa Brown writes, "You'll admit, I believe, that Christopher Columbus is the first man who made 19,000 miles on a galleon."

FROM MABEL WINTER WILLSON, in Van Nuys, California, comes a poem I like very much:

Old Books

There is so little more to say of them
Than has been said:
Yellow and sere as autumn leaves,
Dog-eared and finger marked. . . .
Old books that hold the wine of life,
Its sparkle and its zest,
Yet rarely does a hand reach up
To test their worth or peer and taste.

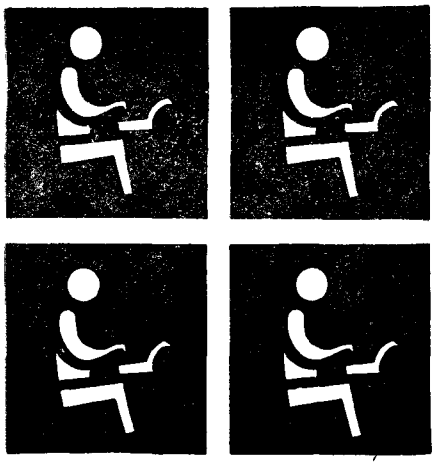
But I have done that very thing today . . .
A thin, small volume, excellently tooled
Lies here upon my desk
Just for an hour to arrest my thought
While life spins on outside

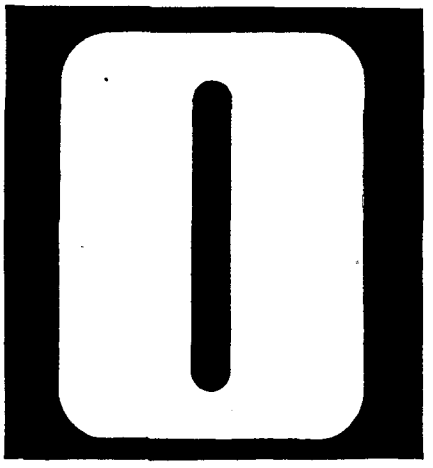
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1093)
GORDON KELSO CREIGHTON:
MARCH

(A prize sonnet, Maine Poetry Day, 1954)

In these Maine woods, the New Year sleeps till March,
Then half-awakens under rumpled snows . . .
The past is nothing but a shell to slough.
The future, its rebellious prisoner . . .
Whose unseen, vital pressure is enough
To lift the mould and make the black earth stir.

***Portable* portable: the wonderfully light Olivetti "Lettera 22", often seen in good-design exhibits. It provides all the important features of office-size typewriters. Distinctive type is optional. Ideal for school, home, or travel, it makes a handsome gift. $88 plux taxes, in most states, including smart two-tone carrying case. At Olivetti's own stores: 584 Fifth Avenue, New York; 230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 17 Second Street, San Francisco; and at Olivetti dealers.**





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YALE
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And "the late sun moves round the court."
Where is the gentle hand that traced these lines
In some dark attic near a window dim
Or on a tumbled cot before the fire?
Written in blood, mayhap, that danced
With youthful vigor in his veins . . .
Just set the message down and left it free
Nor drew it back to hold it to his breast,
The breast that nurtured it and gave it life.

I reach again, a volume bound in silk:
"Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the summer stars . . ."
Again: "A squirrel's pranks upon a bough,"
No lofty eminence these to climb,
Just simple lowly things made great,
By gracious phrasing made sublime.
"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content."
Ah, I have traveled far the wide world o'er
To find a haven here in this old room.

My youth is fled but I shall make the most
Of what is left in this dim place.
I'll draw the shades, light up the grate,
And bid the masters come to life again.
Perhaps I'll fall asleep and see them there
Half hidden in the dusky chimney nook,
Or leaning on my high-backed chair
To point the line lest I should miss a phrase,
And they will be as glad as I to know
A wanderer has paused to drink again
Beside the fountain of their gracious moods.

REFERRING TO A RECENT paragraph on the rising costs of winter vacations, Herb Stein notes that brazen Miami bellhops have taken to delivering Scotch-and-soda on separate trips. A friend topped him with "That kind of double-tip mooch is nothing compared to the young bandit I encountered there. At my spot, bellhops wouldn't dream of carrying your golf bag to your room in one trek. They brought one club at a time!"

Me, I've been investigating an entirely different sector for my vacation this season. Even as you read this, I should be winding up my gambols on the beach at Waikiki in Hawaii. Try and stop me from telling you about them in future columns!

—BENNETT CERF.

SR's Library Poll

CONNOISSEURS and the morbidly curious will find in Ernst von Salomon's "Fragebogen" (#18 on the list) the very peculiar and very sour flavor of twixt-the-wars Germany when the cleverest men were prou to worship a crazy clown, all values turned themselves inside-out, and the end came in flame and chaos. The book is in the form of answers to a American Army questionnaire (an *mein Herr* is not at all fond of Americans).

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The View from Pompey's Head** by Hamilton Basso (F)*
2. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A** by Richard Aldrich (G)**
3. **Love Is Eternal** by Irving Stone (F)
4. **My Several Worlds** by Pearl Buck (G)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Treadmill to Oblivion** by Fred Allen (G)
7. **I'll Cry Tomorrow** by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank (G)
8. **No Time for Sergeants** by Mac Hyman (F)
9. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)
10. ***Hadrian's Memoirs*** by Marguerite Yourcenar (F)
11. **My Brother's Keeper** by Marcia Davenport (F)
12. **The Cornerstone** by Zoe Oldenbourg (F)
13. **Katherine** by Anya Seton (F)
14. **A World of Love** by Elizabeth Bowen (F)
15. **American in Russia** by Harrison Salisbury (G)
16. **I Looked and I Listened** by Ben Gross (G)
17. **Pray For a Brave Heart** by Helen MacInnes (F)
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19. **The Day Lincoln Was Shot** by Jim Bishop (G)
20. **The Woman Within** by Ellen Glasgow (G)

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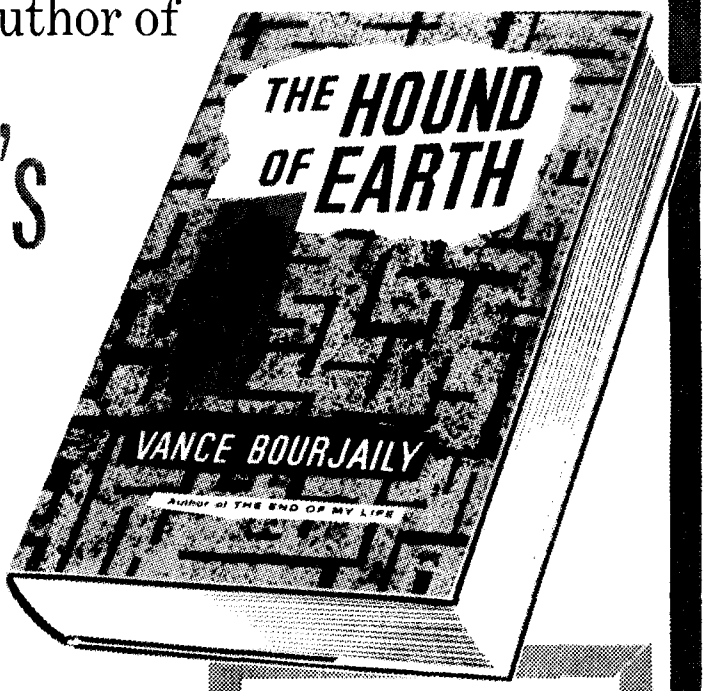
The new novel by the author of
THE END OF MY LIFE

Vance Bourjaily's

THE HOUND OF EARTH



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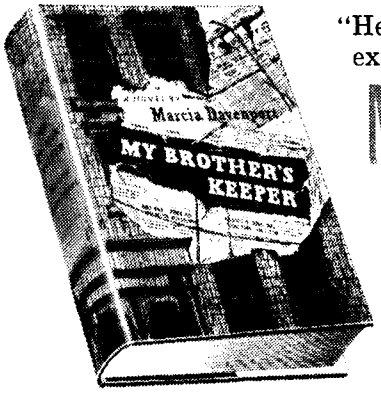

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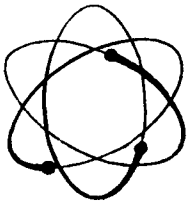

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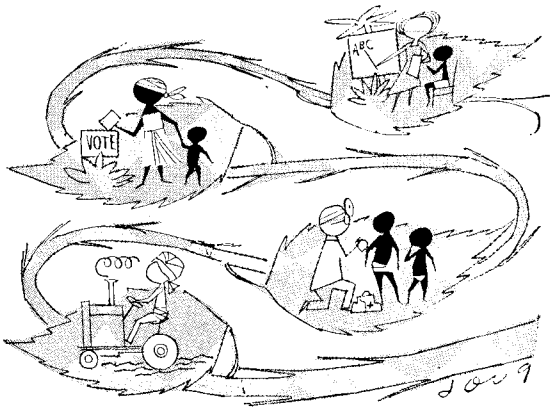
The Saturday Review

MARCH 12, 1955



VOTES, WIZARDS, ROADS & BREAD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Philip Mason, CIE (who writes under the name of Philip Woodruff), graduated from Oxford (1927) at the age of twenty-one, with First Class honors in philosophy, politics, and economics. He went immediately into the Indian Civil Service, where he rose through the ranks from Assistant Magistrate (United Provinces) to Tutor and Governor to the Princes, retiring in 1947. In addition to many novels, Mr. Mason has just completed a two-volume history of the Raj, "The Men Who Ruled India." In this article he outlines some of the distinctions in colonial administration. While reaffirming that the most graceful act of the colonial power is a discreet withdrawal, Mr. Mason reminds Americans that the West still plays a complicated role of responsibility in many underdeveloped states, faced by complex political and economic problems that can't be solved simply by using the words "Point Four" instead of "Empire."

By PHILIP WOODRUFF

TODAY we all know that the date we take off our diapers determines twenty years later our affection for wife and mother, how we treat our secretary, and the way we like our steak cooked. Nations are conditioned by their early history, too; plenty of citizens of the United States—always excepting the present reader—have not been quite successful in getting George III out of their systems, nor have we in England altogether forgotten the lessons of Crown Point and Bunker Hill. You will agree that the Revolutionary War has a good deal to do with the first reaction of every good American to the word "colonialism." And I begin to wonder whether it is not time to get those chafing diapers up out of the subconscious into the light of reason and think just what colonialism has meant. My dictionary gives as one definition of a colony: "a settlement in a new country forming a community fully or partly subject to the mother State." It's the last part to which we all object—"subject to the mother State." But we don't object at first. The definition brings to my mind a strawberry plant, which as soon as it has borne fruit sends out a runner that feels about for a good place to put down roots. Once those roots are well down in the ground a good gardener cuts the connection with the old plant. But not too soon; to begin with, the runner is an umbilical cord, supplying strength. This metaphor of the strawberry is not a bad picture of Maryland and Carolina in the seventeenth century; if the old plant had not put out its runner there would never have been a new plant at all. And in those very early days what the new plant sometimes asked for—and did not always get—was more government, not less—or in other words help against the French and the Redskins.

But the connection was not cut soon enough and so the word colonialism came to have a bad smell. It is a word hardly anyone likes today and the thing it represents is, I hope, everywhere, at different paces, on the way out. It is, however, my thesis that colonialism was neither always good nor always bad; it has almost always been mixed, with elements of both, but often with more good than bad at first. It is a matter of judging when the bad outweighs the good and when to cut the cord. I will maintain, for instance, that, *to begin with,* colonialism was not a bad thing, even in America; it brought with it the common law, the English language, and, in an early stage, habits of voting and free speech; it produced George Washington and Benjamin Franklin; it produced the American people; in short, the new plant grew and flowered and bore fruit, with a different flavor from the old — bigger fruit than the old, though as an ob-

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stinate Englishman I won't yet admit they're better. And I will even be so daring as to ask whether the thirteen States would have agreed to federate if it hadn't been for George III's blockish refusal to cut the cord. The struggle gave them manhood and unity and his stupidity may in fact have been all to the good—or, put another way, an instrument of Divine Providence.

It is, I suggest, a naive oversimplification to make the European colonial powers a black-and-white cartoon of rapacious moneysqueezers exploiting innocent natives; wherever they settled Europeans found it necessary, for reasons partly but seldom wholly selfish, to build roads, schools, office buildings, in whose shadows new plants grew and sometimes established a life of their own. The colonial officers were human beings, some good, some bad; many of them humane, enlightened, and farseeing. There's no room in a short article to compare the good and bad to the credit of the French, Portuguese, and Belgian; let us consider three different types of British colonial commitment which, for convenience, I'll name the Potomac, the Ganges, and the Zambesi.

TAKE the Potomac first. We can ignore the Redskin. There was no nagging conscience at Lake Success until the twentieth century, and for a long time no one on either side of the Atlantic worried much if the Huron was shot or scalped or died of phthisis. Nor had anyone heard of cultural aggression in the times of Queen Victoria; the *first* Americans went into the Indian reservations and the Administration did their best to turn them into *good* Americans. The early "colonial" problem which we English handled so badly in Virginia and New England seemed to our common ancestors something that concerned white skins only. We in England were not yet ready to part with power. It was as simple as that. This was not of course our first blunder in the colonial field; there had been Joan of Arc, there had been Ireland, and we had learnt nothing from either. But we did learn something from George Washington. We put the lesson to good use in Canada and Australia, though we went on being mulish about Ireland. If the colonial problem were only a matter of giving independence to people of our own stock who have settled overseas I for one would have no quarrel with what is usually the American view. The sooner it is done the better. And in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand—so long as we keep the discussion to white skins—we have every reason for pride and none for shame.

It is not so simple when you come to the Ganges, still less the Zambesi. In India the first English were faced not with a vast country sparsely inhabited by a few tribes of nomadic savages but by an ancient civilization, with a rich cultural inheritance, but fallen on evil days, torn by political anarchy, socially stagnant—and worse than stagnant. China too had gone to sleep; while our ancestors were painting themselves blue the Chinese had invented clocks, taximeters, wallpaper, and gunpowder—which, incidentally, they used not for blowing each other to pieces but for the more agreeable purpose of making a heartwarming bang. Yet by the time the first Europeans came to their country the Chinese had lost the inventive, inquiring mind; they were content to go on doing the same thing in the same way for generation after generation. In India the Mogul Empire was falling to pieces; robber bands roamed the country, sacking villages and small towns; social progress was strangled by the dead hand of caste. And stagnation is not merely negative; it breeds a scum of cruelty and of callousness to human life. In the name of a religion capable of great spiritual and philosophical heights men burned their own mothers alive; women threw their own children to the crocodiles at Saugor Point; children of five and six were given as wives to old men.

Just why China and India lost the creative spirit in the mid-centuries of our era is a question so complex that perhaps neither historian nor sociologist will ever answer it satisfactorily. Let us be content with saying that the wind of the spirit blows where it lists. Whether you call that spirit human or divine depends of course—let us concede a point to the psychologists and the social engineers—on just where your diapers chafed

THE English brought India order and unity; in the early days of the nineteenth century one traveler after another tells how a peasant would meet him with blessings because he could now leave his village without being robbed, because he could expect to come back to find the roof still on the house. An end was made of burning widows, strangling travelers, sacrificing children. Roads were built, canals and bridges; preparations were made for dealing with drought and preventing famine. In the first droughts—Bengal in 1777, Orissa as late as 1866, when there was a small but dramatic famine which stung the English conscience sharply—observers calculated that one-third of the inhabitants had perished. By 1908—when there were accurate figures—deaths directly due to starvation were unknown; it must in fairness be added that in that year the deathrate per thousand rose in the drought-stricken areas from thirty-two to thirty-six; there must therefore have been weakness and hunger. But that is very different from wholesale starvation. This improvement was partly because

(*Continued on page* 47)

Your Literary I. Q.

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VERSE BY VOLUME

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, lists on the left fifteen titles of books of poetry, old and new. Can you link them with their authors on the right? Eight correct links is poetic, ten is lyric, and twelve or more epic. Answers on page 43.

1. "Look! We Have Come Through"	( ) Anne Bradstreet
2. "Tales of a Wayside Inn"	( ) Robert Browning
3. "Gardeners & Astronomers"	( ) Countée Cullen
4. "Exultations"	( ) E. E. Cummings
5. "Men and Women"	( ) Richard Eberhart
6. "Domesday Book"	( ) Emily Dickinson
7. "A Few Figs from Thistles"	( ) Ezra Pound
8. "Undercliff"	( ) Rudyard Kipling
9. "Color"	( ) D. H. Lawrence
10. "Barrack-Room Ballads"	( ) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
11. "Enough Rope"	( ) Edgar Lee Masters
12. "Observations"	( ) Edna St. Vincent Millay
13. "The Single Hound"	( ) Marianne Moore
14. "Tulips and Chimneys"	( ) Dorothy Parker
15. "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America"	( ) Edith Sitwell

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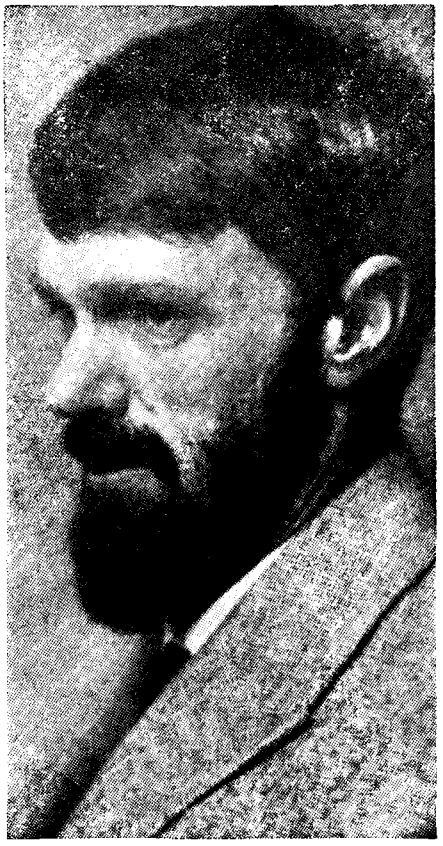
THE RETURN OF D. H. LAWRENCE



Lawrence—"a new vitality."

By HARRY T. MOORE, *author of the recent Lawrence biography, "The Intelligent Heart."*

THE reputation of D. H. Lawrence, who died twenty-five years ago this month, has after a long neglect blazed up again. The commotion his enemies and his partisans created after his death has faded into the past. Readers of today can begin to see his work perspectively. At a time when the writings of so many of his contemporaries are sliding into obsolescence, Lawrence comes through to us with a new vitality, and his language acts upon us with a power beyond the thin accents of most subsequent authors. As an American writer now living in Europe said in a recent letter, "I wasn't sure, when I first took to Lawrence, that he was anything more than a *vox clamans,* but coming back to his work after all these years, I'm amazed to find out how much of his morality has become my own."

The beginnings of this morality lie deep in the poverty, disease, and rebelliousness of Lawrence's youth. Considering the hardships of his early years and his lifelong fights with pneumonia and tuberculosis, it is amazing that the mature Lawrence could be so placid and cheerful, and so voluble in conversation. His father was a Nottinghamshire coal miner, and his mother had been a teacher. Despite his sickly childhood Lawrence won a high-school scholarship at twelve, and later passed the Teachers' Examination with the highest honors in England. In 1910, while working as a teacher, he finished his first novel, "The White Peacock," which was published in 1911. Pneumonia forced him to quit teaching shortly thereafter, and in 1912 he met Frieda von Richtofen, cousin of the man who was to become the famous German war ace. And in 1912 Lawrence and Frieda went to Germany, where they lived in terrible poverty. In the next year, however, the publication of "Sons and Lovers" established him as a novelist, and in 1914 he and Frieda were married after they had returned to England. In the following years, after World War I broke out, Lawrence was frequently accused of German sympathy. His persecutors once went so far as to accuse him of signaling to German submarines at sea off Cornwall. Finally, in 1919, he and Frieda became voluntary exiles because of this bullying. His ideological confusion is manifest in the books of those expatriate years, up through his most pretentious failure, "The Plumed Serpent" (completed in 1925), which gropes among cloudy issues toward a feeble conclusion. This last of his three "leadership" novels derived much of its inner structure from the ridiculous drama of Lawrence's residence in New Mexico, where he had futilely sought peace-of-mind among rich art-colony personnel trying to go native.

Even during those fevered years of wandering across the globe he wrote some of his finest short pieces: stories and poems and travel sketches. Nor did Utopia-in-Taos foolishness usually infect the stream of his ideas. Rather, his beliefs reflected common wisdom about modern life: who can doubt that mechanization threatens humanity, or that lust for money can corrupt our values, or that the intellectual faculties should be balanced with the instinctual? Lawrence used these ideas thematically and dramatically in a language of prophecy whose rhythm and imagery suggest the scripture-reading and hymn-singing of the miners' chapels of his childhood. Out of such sources most men produce bombast: Lawrence aerated his writing with a persuasive colloquialism. The spontaneity of his prose—ragged, often giving the effect of careless haste, but always with a running fire of poetry through it—occasionally offends purists. T. S. Eliot has said Lawrence was "a writer who had to write often badly in order sometimes to write well." But, as customary with authors who are at last "accepted," yesterday's defects become today's virtues: perhaps many of Lawrence's present admirers would subscribe to the Eliot judgment, careful to the point of awkwardness, if *often* and *sometimes* could change places.

Most of Lawrence's finest work—including "Sons and Lovers," "The Rainbow," "Women in Love," and the bulk of "Studies in Classic American Literature"—dates from his English residence before the war, when he visited the Continent as a tourist, and from the war years in England. The first three of those books are his three best novels: in them, idea is successfully realized in expression. This is true also of much of the writing of the last five years of Lawrence's life when, as an ailing man on the Mediterranean littoral, he astonished doctors by the tenacity with which he went on living. In the sustained longer work of those years, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," even the extremely naturalistic descriptions of the act of love do not create a distortion. Lawrence did not include them for their own sake, but as part of the pattern of life and of the book. In this novel, the gamekeeper who is nature's representative takes the lady away from the manor house of false values, that same country house which in Lawrence's earlier books had also dominated his landscape, where the mines enslaved most of the population in order to sustain a few people in the unhappy mansion. The social implications of these stories may have been lost on the seekers after sociological novels, but they made the guardians

(*Continued on page* 46)

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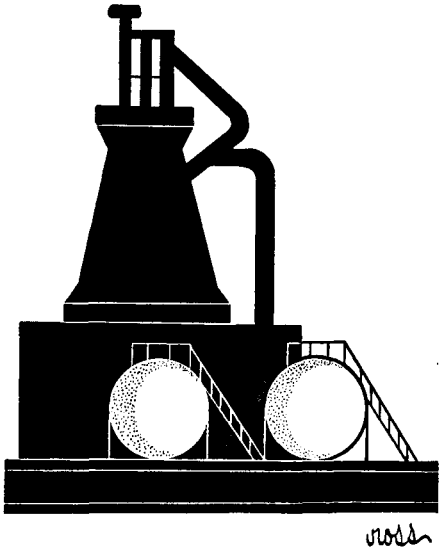
New Vigor in the Wastes

"Collected Poems: 1928-1953," by Stephen Spender *(Random House. 204 pp. $4), and* ***"The Shield of Achilles," by W. H. Auden*** *(Random House. 84 pp. $3), are opposed exhibits that reveal what has become of the talents of two English poets who came on the literary scene in the wake of World War I.*

By Louis Untermeyer

ABOUT twenty years ago a group of English poets who had escaped the First World War faced another and more devastating conflict. Disllusoned and embittered, they turned not only upon the politicians but against their immediately preceding fellow craftsmen; refusing to be charmed by pretty promises or lulled by wide-eyed pastorals, they repudiated the timid Edwardians and the tradition-bound Georgians. Confronting spiritual bleakness and economic bankruptcy with mingled courage and desperation, they applied themselves so earnestly to the exhausted soil of poetry it seemed that the Waste Land, plowed under, harrowed, and fertilized, had sprung into strange but vigorous bloom.

The leaders of this group were W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, C. Day Lewis, and Louis MacNeice and, during the mid and late Thirties it appeared that the first two had formed something of a duumvirate. They were united not only in their refusal to dwell nostalgically about a falsely idealized past and a determination to deal stubbornly with a difficult present, but in their experimental techniques, their acceptance of a mechanized world, and a pervading sense of social responsibility. They were accused of blinding themselves to the hallowed beauties of nature in a dazzled preoccupation with dynamos, airplanes, and tractors, but, although they did not scorn a primrose by a river's brim they did not accept it, as Alastain Miller remarked, "as a solution of, or consolation for, human misery."



A few years later the new postwar poets could no longer be considered either new or a group. There was little except a vocabulary in common between any of them, and even Spender and Auden had sharply diverged. "While Auden grew more limber and loosely loquacious, Spender became tighter in tone, checking what was turbid and disorganized with constricting discipline. He became more distrustful of emotion, struggling to free himself from the literary romantic, and yet more self-conscious, withdrawing into himself, seeking for "inwardness," for the sources of weakness and shame, pain and suffering. Now, in "Collected Poems: 1928-1953," he gives us the works that trace his journey away from the eclectic and casual Auden, and away from the colleagues of his earlier revolt. It is a doggedly comprehensive collection; many of the poems of these years have been revised or touched up here and there, and many have been left out entirely.

> What I would hope of this volume [writes Spender at the end of his ingratiatingly modest introduction] is that it is a weeded, though not a tidied up or altered garden. The faults and flaws are there, but I hope they are more solid and apparent, and less vague and confused . . . I hope that anyone who has the patience to read through all the volume will see certain broad lines of development more clearly and strongly than he might have expected from reading twice as many poems in the previously published volumes. But in this hope I may well be deluded, for with poetry one is less sure than with anything else.

Elsewhere (in "The Making of a Poem," written about nine years ago)

THE AUTHOR: It was a couple of decades ago—September 18, 1934, to be exact—that the old *New York Evening Post* reported: "Two young British poets sing the metric doom of this civilization * * *. They have made a stir in England, just now rippling on these shores. They are Stephen Spender and W. H. Auden, whose books, each called 'Poems,' are published here today." Well, one of the stir-makers—twenty-one years older, twenty or so books to his name, and all sorts of adventures behind him—is scheduled to ripple over in the flesh in the next few weeks for an evening of Spender at the YM-YWHA Poetry Corner in New York on April 2. Tickets are going fast. (The other stir-maker also has a book just out. See p. 15). Spender and poetry hit it off at an early age. He was in his teens when he wrote "Nine Experiments," followed by "Twenty Poems" when he was still at Oxford. It was while he was cerebrating 'twixt the rusty quads that he happily fell in with Auden, C. Day Lewis, and Louis MacNeice, to form a poetry clan that Edmund Wilson characterized years later as the "Oxford boys." Spender, more than the others, had a characterization all his own: "another Shelley" was the way Herbert Read once put it; "not unlike Shelley" was Mark Schorer's phrase. Spender has never edged away from life, digging it out over the years in Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, London, and Tel Aviv. During the Thirties he was fleetingly intrigued with Communism, an experience he chronicled in "The God That Failed." Moscow, in 1949, denounced him, along with Maugham, Eliot, and a couple of Sitwells, as being in "the service of American cosmopolite imperialism," which is high praise. Spender has visited these shores several times—once, after the war, to teach at Sarah Lawrence. There's a story on that Bronxville campus that a Spender-struck young poetess found a pair of shoes Spender had thrown away and lovingly took them in. She still has them. Other poetesses have their sunsets, but whenever *she* is need of a little inspiration it's the shoes she gazes at. Writes damned good stuff, too.

—BERNARD KALB.

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Spender enlarged on his other uncertainties:

> I am scarcely capable of immediate concentration in poetry. My mind is not clear, my will is weak, I suffer from an excess of ideas and a weak sense of form. For every poem that I begin to write I think of at least ten which I do not write down at all.

This absence of immediacy, of swift assurance and complete identification of the poet and his material, rob many of Spender's poems not only of their impact but their power. Frequently the poems resemble (to us a typical Spender image) the take-off of an untried airplane. The engine roars, the propellers whirr, the plane taxis down the runway but seems unable to leave the ground. Suddenly, when all hope of gaining altitude is lost, the plane lifts and sweeps clear of the earth, "more beautiful and soft than any moth . . . feeling its huge path." Thus, free of their prose origins, such lines as "The Landscape Near an Aerodrome." "The Express," "The Funeral," "An Elementary Classroom in a Slum" soar into the pure air of poetry, from groping effort into unfettered ecstasy.

It is hard to determine where rhetorical exultation ends and ecstasy begins, but the best of Spender is buoyed up by the indefinable but unmistakable ecstatic element. It is present in "Not palaces, an era's crown," "Elegy for Margaret," in parts of "Polar Exploration" and "Exiles from Their Land, History Their Domicile," in all of "I think continually of those who were truly great," perhaps Spender's most famous poem:

> Born of the sun, they traveled a
> short while toward the sun,
> And left the vivid air signed
> with their honor.

For the most part Spender has not tried to make new poems out of old ones; he has resisted the temptation of making "more than a discreet and almost unnoticeable minimum of technical tidyings up. Nothing seems easier when one is older than to correct a rhyme or rhythm which eluded one's youthful incompetence." Yet, though Spender appreciates the rightness of leaving the early poetry an "incomplete experience," he does a few disservices to the work. The lines beginning "He will watch the hawk with an indifferent eye" lose something by being shorn of the original title, "Discovered in Mid-Ocean," and the older Spender might have preserved the young poet's "Farewell in a Dream" and a few other rough but revealing immaturities.

—*Lotte Jacobi*

Auden—"eclectic and casual."

Although Spender's recent poems show finer sensitivity as well as greater organization, he is best known and will probably be remembered longest for the work done during his mid and late twenties. The lyrical impulse of this period was so great that Spender was not only acclaimed one of the significant voices of his day but was frequently called a latter-day Shelley. While many of his contemporaries were still thrilling about larks, lambs, and lonely nightingales Spender was invoking the iron realities of his day. He transformed material considered too raw and crude for poetry. He invoked the magic of machinery; he packed an epic of travel into a sonnet contrasting a picturesque but fading past with the sharp contours of the present:

> Real were iron rails, and,
> smashing the grass,
> Real these wheels on which I
> rode, real this compelled time.
> Unreal those cows, those wave-
> winged storks, that lime
> Painted on enamel behind the
> moving glass.
> Those burned in a clear world
> from which we pass
> Like ROSE and LOVE in a forgotten rhyme.

"The Express" is another example of poetic ascent. It begins with a flat declaration—"the first powerful plain manifesto, the black statement of pistons"—proceeds with "the luminous self-possession of ships on ocean," and, singing its way through the world, moves entranced:

> Wrapt in her music no bird song,
> no, nor bough
> Breaking with honey buds,
> shall ever equal.

"Drink from here energy and only energy," writes Spender with challenging vigor, combining all the senses toward that end: "eye, gazelle, delicate wanderer, drinker of horizon's fluid line"; "ear that suspends on a chord the spirit drinking timelessness"; "touch, love"—every sense alert and eager to "bring light to life." No spirit, Spender insists, shall rest until humanity recognizes "the palpable and obvious love of man." It is a fumbling but affirmative power which allows nothing—the doubts, the daily traffic, the noise and fog—to smother "the flowering of the spirit" of this volume.

* * *

"THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES" is by no means Auden's best book. Except for the concluding section it is a haphazard harvesting, the chaff and the wheat badly mixed. It is (to change the figure) loose to the point of lopsidedness. In spite of its thinness (eighty-four pages), it is a somewhat padded volume, filled out with the addition of several pages from a previous book. At the same time it is unmistakably Auden, characteristic of his several styles, and containing some of his most expressive poetry. The first poem, "Winds," is carried along on the easy discursiveness which has become Auden's later manner, an interesting set of digressions marred by a disinclination (or inability) to curb a thought and an impulse to ride off in three directions at once. Even the most devoted admirer of Auden can only be embarrassed by:

> Winds make weather; weather
> Is what nasty people are
> Nasty about and the nice
> Show a common joy in observing:
> When I seek an image
> For our Authentic City
> (Across what brigs of dread,
> Down what gloomy galleries
> Must we stagger or crawl . . .)

The same devotee must also regret the spectacle of the poet turned pedant, the perverse academician who in a single poem afflicts the reader with such recondite classroom curiosities as "teleost," "susurration," "marram," "arthropod," "insufflation," "anamnesis," etcetera. Yet the half-hidden, half-garrulous "Winds" is followed by the beautifully conceived "Woods" which is almost as full of imaginative enrichment as the somewhat earlier "In Praise of Limestone." "Streams" is a further extension of Auden's virtuosity. A continual delight, plangent and playful, it teases with its mockery of the grand manner, dipping lightly in and out of the vernacular: "love-movement," "day-Babel," "sill-pilgrim," "son-thunder," "sluice-amusement," "beck-second," "sky-undying."

Virtuosity, which can be a strong

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asset, is frequently Auden's weakness. Although his readers know there is nothing he cannot do, he is bent on proving it to them again and again; he seems unwilling to decline an "occasion," to throw away the smallest excuse for the lightest triviality. "The Truest Poetry Is the Most Feigning," for example, is sheer topical verse, a little like Noel Coward aiming at *The New Yorker* and a lot more like Pope writing for the man in the street. "The Proof" is a musical-comedy tour de force, ingenious and delicately fashioned, but unintelligible to anyone unacquainted with the baroque plot of "The Magic Flute." The two "Nocturnes" are extraordinarily differentiated in tone. The first is grim, sardonic, and disturbing; the second reproaches it with a sad solemnity.

It is the last section ("Horae Canonicae") which is the most steadfastly serious as well as the most obviously "poetic" part of the book. "Prime" is particularly engrossing, no less meaningful for being mellifluous. "Terce" is an essentially Audenesque fusion of simple hope and secret fear. "Nones," which scarcely conceals its menace behind the serene hush of mid-afternoon, is eloquent, darkly devotional, and weighted with a sense of inescapable doom which the concluding "Lauds," for all the pleasant sing-song, cannot dispel for the reader.

The fortuitously paired books of Spender and Auden—one apparently casual, the other doggedly comprehensive—are opposed exhibits. Auden is, all in all, the better poet; but Spender's is unquestionably the better book.

Notes

MAN'S SEARCH FOR GOD: LeRoy Smith, Jr., in his second book of verse, **"A Character Invented"** (Macmillan, $3), continues the theme of modern man in search of the reality that is God. His Adam professes the metaphysical and intellectual dignity of Jesus, the Jew. Indeed, Mr. Smith approximates the ideas another poet, Jeremy Ingalls, propounded last year in her book of prose "The Galilean Way." Part of the spiritual resurgence that has emerged from the havoc of our times, "A Character Invented" is one poet's attempt in lyrical verse to make Adam, who is really ourselves, the hero of the universe.

Mr. Smith's talent is not always equal to his great theme, yet there is an authentic ring of poetry in his best lyrics. He is learning the disciplines the craft imposes on the modern poet. His use of internal rhymes in rhymeless quatrains (Adam Triplex) owes something of its technical excellence to Van Doren's skill. Yet how unhappily his "bloom-glad day," twice repeated no less, falls on the ear; it's much too close to Yeats for comfort.

Nevertheless, Mr. Smith is a serious poet, who possesses intellectual integrity. His sensibilities and perspectives are as mature as his philosophy is modern. Admirable in apprehending the nature of the universe, the man's place in it, he is gifted enough to speak with his own voice. If he knows "the price/Of every dream is waking," he knows, too, "Yet ion and the arctic ice were there—/ And Zion, too—before they knew they were." In his art, LeRoy Smith, Jr. attempts "to speak the Word/Within the fading syllable of man."

—I. L. Salomon.

CHRONICLE OF A SEARCH: Gilbert Maxwell's **"Go Looking,"** subtitled "Poems 1933-193," (Bruce Humphries, $3), is a personal history, the chronicle of a search, the poet's own, and by implication and broad application that of every man for a full and complete communication, embracing mind and flesh and spirit, with his fellow creatures. The protagonist of these poems sometimes the first-person narrator, sometimes the intimate "you," sometimes in the character of a young man called Janus, goes looking through all the days and ways of his world for a lasting relationship of compassionate understanding, for consummate experience shared and thereby made whole, for some way to escape the loneliness to which man's homeless and restless mind has condemned him.

Artistically and temperamentally Gilbert Maxwell's work seems closer akin to the English Georgian poets (notably Rupert Brooke) and to a certain tradition, rebellious and yet lyrically conformist, of the 1920s and 1930s in this country, than it is to the more experimental modernists who are his actual contemporaries. This is not at all to his discredit; he simply recognizes his metier and his affinities. Romantic, emotional, with a somewhat febrile nervous intensity, and a flair for self-dramatization which occasionally verges on theatricality, Maxwell's poetry has much of "sheer celestial light" and a spattering of superficial slickness. He is an exceptionally expert craftsman, articulate, dextrous, and with a faultless ear.

The overall impression is that these poems are for the most part extremely introspective and self-preoccupied, the pervasive atmosphere is of nostalgia and, despite its valiantly stated "Revelation," a faintly histrionic courageous, back-to-the-wall acceptance of defeat.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

POET WITH A FAITH: A. M. Sullivan's **"Psalms of the Prodigal and Other Poems"** (P. J. Kenedy, $3), bears witness to the development of a poetic talent which made its bow some eleven books and twenty-five years ago. A little, but by no means all, of the early exuberance, the intoxication with sound and rhythm, the Gaelic affection for rolling sonorities, the rush and tumble of imagery has been tempered along the way; the essential personal quality of this poet has

(*Continued on page* 37)

Once Beautiful as a Wave

By Eric Barker

SOMETHING once beautiful as a wave
And in its element embathed as gulls in air
Has gone beyond all mourning by the sea,
Is nothing even of what in blindness breeds,
A rage in nature and an eating fire,
A hearth that is not fueled by anything
Remindful of one shadow of a wave,
Of any cold and forest-green
Depths a sleek and plunging swimmer
Lived and loved and hungered in.
Yet wait for what remains. Dry bones will speak
Nostalgic as the lips of emptied shells
Of all the motions of the changing sea
When the scoured graveyard of this death
Restores again the lost reminiscent flower
And the bare structure of the skeleton
Shows through its arches how the wave was bent
To clasp a creature molded to its form.

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Sexuality and Sociability

"The Human Animal," by Weston La Barre *(University of Chicago Press. 371 pp. $6), is an attempt to explain, in Darwinian (and Freudian) terms how man came to act like a human being in his social relationships. Professor William Howells of Harvard University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Back of History: The Story of Our Own Origins" and other books.*

By William Howells

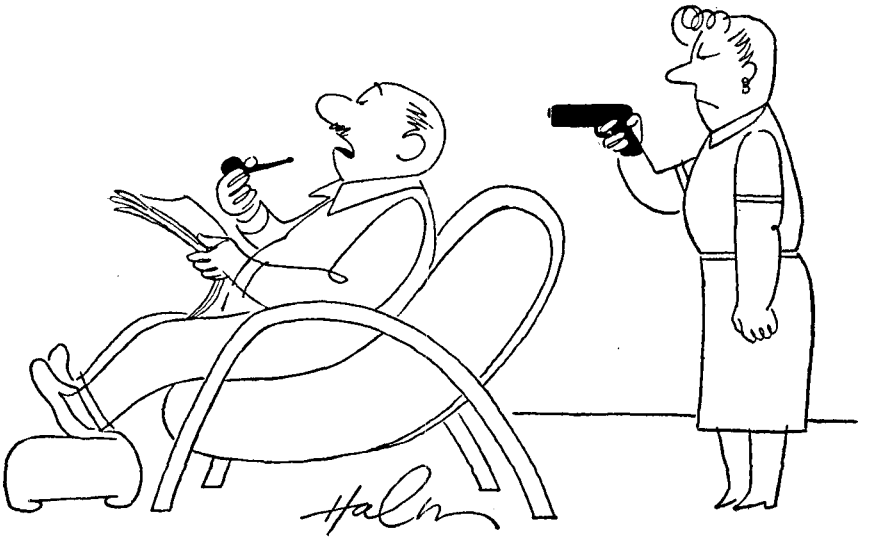
THE BIGGEST piece of business left unfinished by the first wave of Darwinians was to account for human social activity, as they did for human hands, eyes, and teeth. To be sure, Herbert Spencer and others took a leaf from Darwin's book and explained such institutions as marriage as having risen through a series of evolutionary stages to perfected forms (*i.e.*, our own). But they took a leaf only, not the book, and their sort of proposition—for example, that marriage had become a more and more blessed state as time went on, and that in this way man had become more human—retreated before the studies of newer generations of anthropologists who went out to the tribes as trained professionals. So the important question remained: granted that man himself was an evolved animal, how could his social regulations and his ethical ideas be coupled to the same process? "Human nature" was divided down the middle, and evolution had not explained man's spiritual side, or a number of the things that could be placed there.

In "The Human Animal," Weston La Barre has written the first general book, and one entirely suited to the non-professional reader, addressed directly to this point. He is an anthropologist who has long identified himself with those using Freudian theory in the interpretation of culture; unlike most others, he is an anthropologist first and a Freudian afterwards. The step of adding human culture to the same system of evolutionary explanation as body and basic behavior, while avoiding the callow suggestion that man is "nothing but" an animal (which essentially would deny that there *are* social institutions), is quite a step, if you can make it. It will of course be made, and it has seemed that the effort to make it would probably come from the anthropologists who had trained themselves in psychology. Whether it is bound to come from the Freudian wing of these is not yet clear, but La Barre has put up a good argument.

He begins on familiar ground: the nature of mammals, man's relations thereto, and his special distinctions. The monkeys and apes, as is well known, have fewer young, but longer care of them; have no special rutting season and yet more of a general sexual drive; they are more sociable, and thus males and females form permanent groups. These are not "marriages," but they are social groups, and Father has come home to stay. Sexuality and sociability are very close together. This, of course, is where Freud walks onstage, and also where most people reach for their hats, because sociability is perhaps the best aspect of man, while sexuality is vile.

"Man has not ditched his mammalian inheritance," Dr. La Barre writes. "On the contrary, he has invested and built his evolutionary future ever more solidly upon it. For all her angelic nature, the human female is plainly neither avian nor egg-laying: the human female is in every significant respect exuberantly more mammalian than any other mammal. Among mammalian infants the human infant is as extravagantly infantile as they come. And among male animals the human male is too (at least for constancy if not for prowess) without doubt the best mammal in the business. In these cirumstances, with Father come home to stay, it is clearly the inescapable predicament of *Homo sapiens* to become human." In his new medium of development, which is man's alone, the family emerges in set, socially approved forms (just as set, and just as socially monitored, in the simplest of tribes as here at home). La Barre goes on to spell it all out, in physical and psychological terms, through answers to his own rendering of the riddle of the Sphinx, and through the Oedipal tangle resulting from the persistence of the human family from the time an infant boy may "love" his mother until he is grown, and may not "love" her. In fact, he gives at last some Oedipal definitions for law, politics, religion, and art, and it may be less clear here whether Freud is explaining culture or culture explaining Freud.

IF THIS is the nub of the book, it is not all. There are interesting chapters on language, religion, and race, less closely tied to the main thesis. Dr. La Barre writes well. He does not slow down for the bumps, but I doubt if there is a clumsy sentence in the book, and there are many I should like to quote. The style, if anything, is on the rich side, and readers of Philip Wylie will like La Barre especially; they will, however, find him no cynic, but an earnest writer who sees goodness firmly implanted in the human organism itself, and who obviously would detest the "nothing but an animal" point of view. Anyone can get a sound, lively, unhackneyed account of man's nature and evolution from the book. And even those most allergic to Freud will at least see the outlines of an important philosophical and scientific problem of this century.



"You need a fur coat like I need a hole in the head."

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Tall Tales and True

"Conquest by Man," Paul Herrmann *(Translated by Michael Bullock. Harper. 455 pp. $6), is a compilation of facts and legends about the far corners of the world in ancient times. Here it is reviewed by Robert Payne, novelist and biographer, who has traveled to many of the corners himself but more recently.*

By Robert Payne

NO ONE knows the real name of the man who called himself Sir Jehan de Maundeville, or whether the famous Travels were written by a Frenchman or an Englishman, or whether the unknown author ever saw any of the marvelous countries he described so convincingly. Whoever he was, he was the founder of English prose and the tallest taleteller of them all, setting the pattern for innumerable imitators. He worked on the English language so that it began to smell of oriental spices and the scented winds of Tartary; and in their different ways Shakespeare, Milton, Doughty, and a host of writers about the East are indebted to him.

But if we know nothing about Maundeville, we know a good deal about the time he lived in. It was the time of the peasant revolts and the black death and the desperate years before the Renaissance gave men hope again. Men told of marvels in those days because they were sick with fear, and nothing was so pleasant as an escape into an imaginary East, even though the silk roads were cut and no one could travel there except a few enslaved prisoners of the Turks, an occasional priest or merchants like the Polos who slipped across Asia and owed their success to a fantastic courage aided by miracles. Somewhere in Tartary—or was it in Abyssinia?—there reigned the holy Christian Emperor Prester John, a kind of *dux ex Babyloni* who might once more bring salvation from the East. It was delightful to believe in him, and still more delightful to imagine him in his majestic and imaginary court, where even the cooks were kings. That presbyter was the stuff of dreams.

Paul Herrmann in his new book, "Conquest by Man," is the latest to follow in Maundeville's footsteps. Maundeville had a story to tell with a beginning and an end, but the world has grown bigger since the fourteenth century and Herrmann jumps all over the place, from the Polynesian islands to Zimbabwe and from the tomb inscriptions of Knemhotep to Minnesota, but he is recognizably fulfilling the same function of relating the story of man's discovery of the world. Like Maundeville, he has a good deal to say about Prester John, the Saracens, the Great Khan, High Tartary, and the springs of the Nile; he even quotes extensively from Carpini, who was one of the sources of Maundeville. It is all a happy hodge-podge of old wives' tales and sailors' yarns. An amateur, he rushes in where the professionals fear to tread, and for this reason he is quite extraordinarily readable. He is breathless for discovery. For him the world is vastly exciting. There are chapters on early travel, the isles of the blessed, the rune stone of Kensington, and the mystery of the Greenland Vikings. Everyone knows that Queen Hatshepsut sent an expedition to the land of Punt, but where exactly is Punt? Herrmann is determined to find out. He reads up all the available literature and comes to the conclusion that Punt is Rhodesia, because the Egyptian wall-painting depicting the arrival of the Princess of Punt shows her with the wide, fat buttocks of a Hottentot, and he is reasonably certain that the Hottentots inhabited Rhodesia thirty-five centuries ago. He is sure there were white men in America centuries before Columbus. White men poured into the Pacific islands centuries before Captain Cook. He is sure the Three Wise Men from the East who came to Bethlehem at the birth of Jesus were Jewish astrologers. The Kensington stone is an authentic document. The Indian rope trick has been performed successfully. There were great civilizations on the American continent two to one thousand years B.C. Homer, who was not one man but many, had probably traveled down the Nile. He offers only the barest minimum of evidence for these statements, but this is no matter. Like a child let loose among history-books, he is hugely enjoying himself and determined to be wrong-headed, but there are so many startling quotations culled from reputable sources that we can almost forgive the jackdaw his mania for picking up every little sliver of colored glass.

In a way it is a pity the book has been published, for it is the least intellectual and the most romantic of histories: there is nothing for the mind to grip on. It is all anecdote, surmise, wonder, and plain silliness. Yet there are good things in this mad book. Would you like to know about the blond Incas? Is amber really a kind of juice distilled from sunbeams? Do virgins become pregnant through drinking water? Have the Chinese blue eyes? Where is Paradise, if it is not in Abyssinia? So it goes on, with hardly a page in which he does not tell a story well and hardly a paragraph without a whopper to make the professional historian grind his teeth.

Gentlemen, I give you Sir Jehan de Maundeville, the strangest of all visitors in the age of the atomic bomb.

—*Uekerus.*
Paul Herrmann—"extraordinarily readable."

Invocation

By May Sarton

COME out of the dark earth
Here where the minerals
Glow in their stone cells
Deeper than seed or birth.

Come under the strong wave
Here where the tug goes
As the tide turns and flows
Below that architrave.

Come into the pure air
Above all heaviness
Of storm and cloud to this
Light-possessed atmosphere.

Come into, out of, under
The earth, the wave, the air.
Love, touch us everywhere
With primeval candor.

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ARTS

—Goro-Black Star.

John Sloan—"courage and nobility of character."

Rough-Riding Artist

"John Sloan, A Painter's Life," by Van Wyck Brooks *(E. P. Dutton. 246 pp. $5), is a biography of a leading figure in American artistic activity during the first half of the present century. Virgil Barker, who reviews it below, is professor of the history of art at the University of Miami and author of "American Painting: History and Interpretation."*

By Virgil Barker

THROUGH nearly fifteen years and five volumes of aptly chosen facts and deftly fragmentized quotations Van Wyck Brooks has depicted several generations of American authors as a pageant of personalities. This suavely developed method of portraiture Mr. Brooks now extends from literature into painting with his humanly attractive "John Sloan, A Painter's Life."

This is a great merit. Sloan was both picturesque and large enough in personality to deserve even more admiration than he received while alive because of his outspokenness about programs and individuals. One photograph of him, which is used as the frontispiece to Lloyd Goodrich's Whitney Museum monograph, clearly shows the courage and nobility of character manifested even in those opinions and acts which turned out wrong or misjudged. This loftiness of spirit is not missed in Mr. Brooks's verbal portrait, either; along with the quirks and the stubbornness and the saltiness, it occurs in words quoted and acts described. It takes up less space than the lesser traits, but the very discretion with which Mr. Brooks suggests it would please Sloan himself.

As a man who painted, Sloan may take a position not much below Thomas Eakins for personal integrity and one even higher than Eakins for the spendthrift generosity of lifelong efforts for other painters. All that, however, will not place Sloan's paintings on the level of those by Eakins, and in the end the paintings will determine Sloan's place in history. On this point Mr. Brooks gives no help.

For one thing, Sloan's method of portraiture itself does not permit the kind of critical verdicts, however provisional, necessary in estimating a culture; the method is one of immersion in reverie which is pleasant in proportion to the skill in the writing and the relaxation of mood in the reader. This kind of "usable past" in American literature is accessible to many readers, of course, and the only harm they could suffer would be for them to remain content with a blurred impression that this country has had many dozens of writers actually as good as they and their friends thought they were. So with Sloan and to a degree his painter friends as here presented.

On his second page Mr. Brooks says: "That the first really significant movement in the development of a national art sprang from this group of artists, and especially from Sloan, many writers have testified in the last two decades. . . ." "Many writers" may be momentarily impressive in its vagueness; but who are they? what is their opinion worth? It is still possible for one critic to be nearer right than many. Without making it a matter of census-taking, it can be pointed out that during the two decades before the last two "many writers" testified to just the contrary. To the historian it may appear that both groups display myopia in time. The element of nationality is discernible in a group of Federal painters influenced by the technique of Copley. It is not as strong and it does not have the same accent as the work of the "Black Gang"; but in its degree it also is "really significant," and it happened a hundred years earlier. And in the terms of subject-matter and attitude which would alone give meaning to Mr. Brooks's statement a more intense and qualitatively higher national utterance had already been achieved by Eakins and Winslow Homer, even if there remains room for difference of opinion as to Albert P. Ryder.

Portraiture by saturation here means that Sloan's own painting is presented as it appeared to him, for Mr. Brooks is fortunate in the liveliness and point of Sloan's quotable remarks. They are a vivid part of Sloan's personality, but they have little objective validity. (His opinions about art in general and the work of other artists are more valuable not alone for greater range but also for penetration and astringency.) The most favorable verdict on Sloan's work which has critical authority will long remain that of Mr. Goodrich in the monograph he wrote for the Whitney memorial exhibit. Those who may feel that Mr. Goodrich allows too much worth to the final phase of the cross-hatched nudes can turn to Milton Brown's *Art News* assessment of that same exhibit, but his unfavorable opinion needs expansion and analytical buttressing before it achieves the impact it might have.

If, as just remarked, Mr. Brooks's method seems to prevent, or at least to impair, qualitative discrimination, this incursion into painting brings in another factor. In his dedication Mr. Brooks says that art critics say sillier things than even artists do, and that remark gives a slight aura of self-congratulation when he further says he is ignorant of the art critic's language. That can be only because he wants to be. The critic of literature and the critic of painting have more in common than either has with the people whose work he criticizes; ideally both aim at even-handed justice in obedience to some concept of spiritual reality. A sense of the possible often justifies severity toward the actual; and in recent and contemporary American painting, at least, criticism is still more desirable than amiability.

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The Ungentlemanly Artists

"History of the National Academy of Design," *by Eliot Clark (Columbia University Press. 296 pp. $6.50), reviewed here, provides Walter Pach, the art critic-historian, an opportunity to assess the influence of such organizations on American creative activity.*

By Walter Pach

IN 1825 there was in New York an organization of cultured gentlemen which styled itself the American Academy of Art. Its possessions included a collection of casts of antique sculpture, a matter of vital interest to the artists and students of the city, there being no art school at the time, and of course no museum. So the Academy made a ruling that the artists could come and draw from its casts, the hours for their activity being established as six to nine in the morning. This was satisfactory to everyone but the janitor, who, not caring to rise so early, said he would open the building when it suited him to do so. The artists were further informed that "beggars are not to be choosers." What they did choose was to form an academy of their own, and its story is now told, with pride and affection, in the "History of the National Academy of Design," by Eliot Clark, one of its officers.

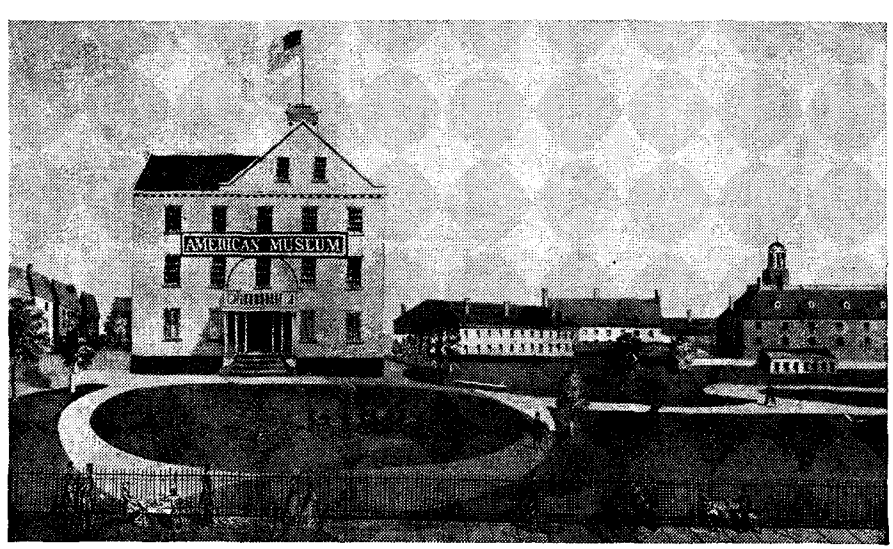
If "pride and affection" are not words often applied to the National Academy outside of its immediate circle, the reason is to be found in the difficulty of holding to that freedom of spirit which made Samuel F. B. Morse and the other dissidents of 1825 affirm that artists never were beggars, and that they would pursue their study and show the results of it without asking leave of "the gentlemen," Colonel John Trumbull's term for his own group in the older body.

The trouble has been, however, that when once elected academicians artists have shown a tendency to stand pat, reserving the exhibitions for members of the society, and opposing the election of new members whose ideas might mean innovation. That this characteristic has become more marked with the passing of time may be seen from the advanced age at which some of our most distinguished artists have been admitted to the Academy. Things were different back in 1865, the year Winslow Homer was elected when only twenty-nine. But in 1902 when Thomas Eakins was elected he was fifty-eight; Albert P. Ryder was fifty-nine when admitted, and Ralph Blakelock was sixty-nine and hopelessly insane in 1916 when elected, three years before his death.

The time for men like these last three to have served the organization was the time when they represented the significant advances of the period. As aging men their strength had to be husbanded for their own production; and so it was in increasing measure that lesser men, politically or even commercially minded, as they often were, came into power. That meant stagnation, or rather a progressive lowering of standards, with the Academy losing prestige more and more, not only among artists but with the public. The same evolution was going on in France when Delacroix, at the height of his genius, saw his pictures refused at the Salon—where he refused to exhibit again in those last years of his.

A CHANCE to serve our own Academy, and through it the public and the cause of art, was denied to Maurice Prendergast, who, dying at the age of sixty-five, had never been made even an Associate. Indeed, so near had the institution come to illustrating William Blake's aphorism "Expect poison from standing water" that John Sloan declined to accept a proffered nomination to the Academy, as the present book relates with engaging frankness. It is true that the Royal Academy of Blake's time in England controlled the artist's access to the public more completely than ever the National Academy could do in this country. Here there were always men to revive the independent spirit of 1825, and to strike out for themselves in new groups and exhibitions.

With these, again, the danger of falling into a rut, of resisting fresh ideas, was as operative as with the organization recorded in the present book. Thus, as Mr. Clark relates, the Society of American Artists, founded in 1877 as a protest against the narrow policy of the Academy, and soon coming to include the best of our painters and sculptors, had outlived its usefulness in less than thirty years, after which time it merged with the older body. If the fact were proof that the Academy does not completely deserve the bitter words of Blake, if the roster of the society contains the names of most American artists of consequence during the last hundred and thirty years, there still remains the matter of its employment of those men. We have seen that it tends to be always later in the lifetime of the significant workers that they are admitted to a share in the control of exhibitions and elections; and so we may well recall a bit of Spanish folk wisdom that is too rarely heard: "The water that's flowed past the mill doesn't make the wheels turn." The beauty of that proverb is that it applies not alone to century-old institutions but to men who imagine themselves to be the advance guard, while maundering over the phrases of the past. A current example is offered by those abstractionists who do no more than dilute the strong wine that was given us, forty years ago, by the Cubists. The wheels of art are not turned by water that has passed the mill-race of the self-styled moderns any more than that of the self-styled guardians of tradition.



—From the book.

New York City Hall Park (1825)—"the danger of falling into a rut."

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PRIMITIVE ART

Five New Books Present the Mature Scholarship of Art Historians and Ethnologists in The Field

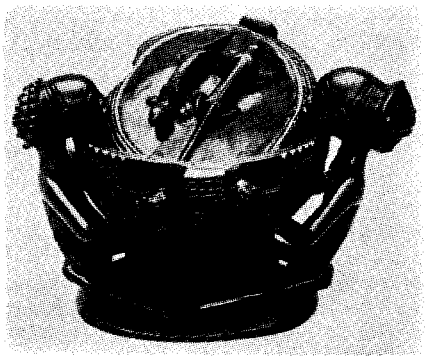
IT'S BEEN a big year for books about the arts of primitive peoples—of Africa especially and of Oceania. The illustrations on this page are drawn from the more than a dozen published this season: **"Afrikanische Plastik,"** by Eckart Von Sydow (Wittenborn, $10); **"Classical African Sculpture,"** by Werner Schmalenbach (Macmillan, $12.50); **"Oceanic Art,"** by Herbert Tischner (Pantheon, $8.50); and **"The Art of Primitive Peoples,"** by J. T. Hooper and C. A. Bulard (Philosophical Library, $7.50). Most satisfactory for laymen are the Hooper-Burlard and Trowell volumes; most scholarly are the works of Von Sydow and Schmalenbach; all are copiously illustrated.

The current rash of books in primitive art is evidence not especially of an increased popular interest in this field, but of the maturing of a scholarship initiated by curio hunters, continued by ethnologists, and lately carried on by art historians. Primitive art, as André Malraux has observed, is "an art of collective subjectivism in which the artist builds up forms internally conceived yet recognized by all, thus mastering with his art not that which is seen, but what one does not see." Considered in this light primitive art deserves the particular interest of Americans; for the art developing in our country today is one which depends upon no natural forms per se, but on those "internally conceived." Already it is understood by many. In time, like primitive art, it may well be understood by all.

—L. R. SANDER.

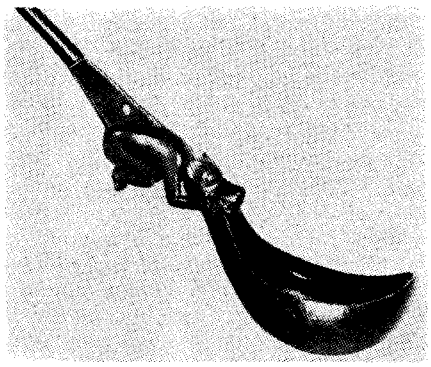
—From "Plastik."

Sculpture of a Congo god.



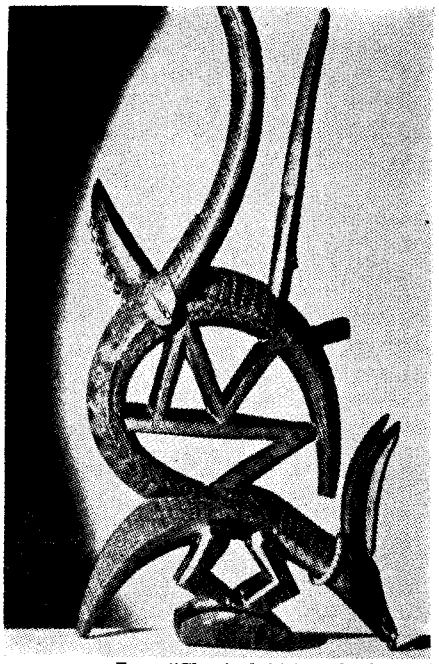
—From "Plastik."

A ceremonial bowl.



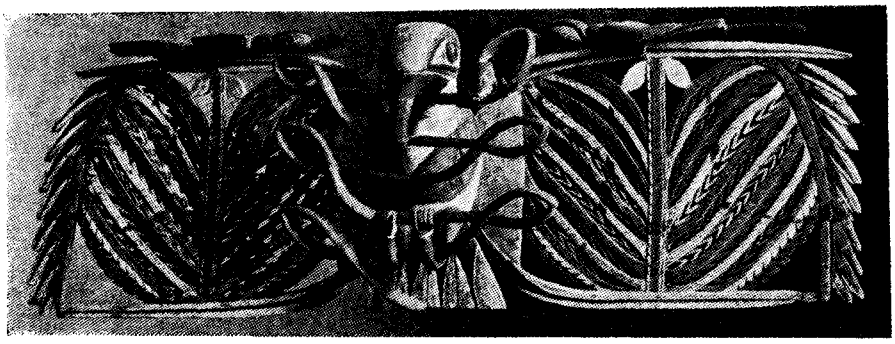
—From "The Art of Primitive Peoples."

Wooden ceremonial ladle.



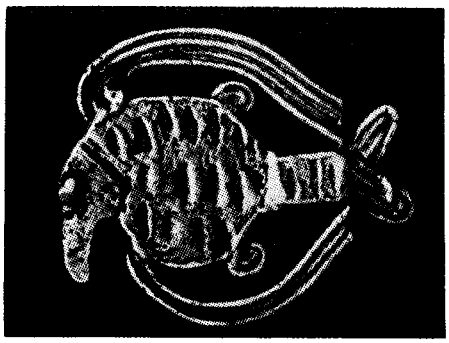
—From "Classical African Sculpture."

Crest of Bambara headdress.



—From "Oceanic Art."

One of carved friezes exhibited in special huts during funerals.



—From "African Art."

Bronze paperweight.

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FICTION

—E. W. Bartlett.

". . . the tumults and disorders of . . . violent days."

The Blacksmith's Daughter

"Emma," by F. W. Kenyon *(Thomas Y. Crowell. 314 pp. $3.95), is a biography in fictional form of the fabulous Lady Emma Hamilton.*

By Charles Lee

IF HER STORY were not true, no one would believe the flamboyant facts of Emma Hamilton's life.

Ignorant and poor, the daughter of a blacksmith, Emma moved from kitchen maid to royal confidante, from cockney illiterate to Dame Chevalière of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Her life had something of the amorous gaudiness of Amber's, something of the astonishing comedy of Eliza Doolittle's, and something of the tainted tragedy of Cleopatra's. She married an ambassador (after having been his mistress and his nephew's), served as the deputy of the Queen of Naples, and became the lover of Britain's most famous naval hero, Lord Nelson.

This scandalous and enchanting woman, who firmly footnoted herself in history by the driving force of her stunning beauty and lively intelligence, holds the central interest in F. W. Kenyon's busy novel "Emma"—the French Revolution, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Nelson's dramatic exploits notwithstanding. The accent may seem trivial in view of the stupendous events of her time, but it is a tribute to the potency of her charm that Emma seems worthy of the focus; it is a tribute to Mr. Kenyon's skill, too, that he conveys the tumults and disorders of those violent days without straying once from the human drama he has elected to stage. The red hair of Lady Hamilton, not the red streets of Paris or the red decks of the *Victory,* dominates the scene.

Nelson, death-haunted and dapper despite the loss of both his right eye and arm, is less than hero-sized off his quarterdecks. Mr. Kenyon seems a little embarrassed by a hero who carries his own coffin with him from ship to ship and who groans about duty even as he prepares to be delinquent.

Perhaps the most convincing character of the book is this uncle, Sir William Hamilton, collector of marbles, bronzes, coins, cameos, and, finally, one of the most fascinating women of history. Urbane and paternal (he was sixty-one when he decided the shock of marriage could be sustained by both the British Empire and his own late incandescing system), Hamilton moves with grace and gallantry through the domestic complexities imposed on him by playing host to his wife's lover, who was also his own best friend, and through the deteriorations of old age.

Mr. Kenyon's narrative lacks in intensity and depth, but he keeps things animated by a constant flow of dialogue and an adroit newsreel touch in regard to historical events. He may not quite have captured in print the enchantments of Lady Hamilton but there is no doubt about her having made another conquest in him.

Hunted Man

"Fellow Passenger," by Geoffrey Household *(Little, Brown. 271 pp. $3.50), chronicles the exciting adventures of a young man bent on retrieving some family jewels who is taken for an atomic spy.*

By Harrison Smith

SINCE Graham Greene stopped entertaining the public with his spy thrillers, and turned to dissecting his own and his characters' souls, the British writer who has taken his place in hit-and-run melodrama is Geoffrey Household. Mr. Household is equally adept in inventing complex suspense stories, and in addition he manages to lighten them with a trace of humor and fantasy. His latest novel, "Fellow Passenger," is off the well-worn track of the novel of suspense since it is based on a satirical account of the absurd dilemmas in which his hero involves Scotland Yard, the British Communist Party, and a group of atomic scientists.

In all of Household's novels the man who is hunted faces the imminent danger of death without a trace of fear. In "Fellow Passenger" his hero has borrowed the unlikely name of Claudio Howard-Wolferstan. Actually he is the son of an adept English thief who specialized in diamonds before retiring to married life in Ecuador. At one time he had owned a large, rambling country house. He tells his son that a fortune waits for him safely hidden in back of an attic fireplace in the old place. Claudio promptly sails to England to reclaim his heritage. He discovers that the ancestral mansion is now inhabited by a large collection of atomic scientists of both sexes. He manages to break into the house, is discovered, and escapes.

Overnight Claudio becomes the most wanted man in England. Since he had in a moment of youthful folly joined the Communist Party, he is labeled a spy and a tool of Russia. Knowing that if he is caught he will be sent to the Tower, realizing that his features are known to every Englishman who reads a newspaper and that every policeman in the country is looking for him, he takes to the woods, shaves his head, grows a beard, and tramps through the countryside as an itinerant and extremely abstract artist.

WHEN Scotland Yard gets on his trail he flees to the Communists, who drug him and send him in a wooden

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crate to a Russian steamer ready to sail with a large part of British fellow-travelers. His escape from that dilemma is the best of all of Claudio's adventures, which includes posing as a chimney sweep, a turbaned Hindu, joining a circus as an elephant trainer, and other astounding transformations. In the end, with the help of a lady-love he has found among the atomic scientists, he discovers his father's treasure in stolen precious stones, is caught, sent to the Tower, and finally released. According to Mr. Household, whose ingenuity never falters, the manuscript of "Fellow Passenger" was written by Claudio while he was in the Tower of London, awaiting death.

Geoffrey Household—"never falters."

World of the Half Artist

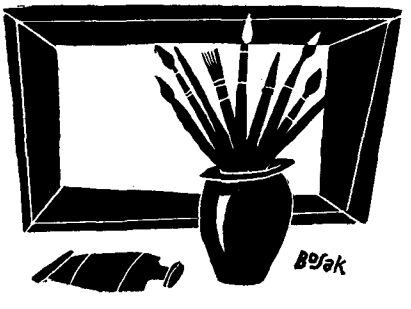
"The Recognitions," by William Gaddis *(Harcourt, Brace. 956 pp. $7.50), portrays the decay of faith in the modern world through the story of a minister's son who abandons family tradition to become a bankrupt painter.*

By Maxwell Geismar

IN SOME quarters of the literary scene today William Gaddis's novel "The Recognitions" is bound to be praised to the skies, and this reviewer keeps wondering who is being taken in. Mr. Gaddis has immense erudition; he writes in at least four languages; his use of mythology is impressive—and he shows the decay of faith in the modern world in over 900 pages of bright chatter.

The opening of the story is by far the best part. A New England minister has buried his wife in Spain, and he slowly becomes converted not to the Christian mode of salvation, but to the ancient pagan rituals of propitiation and sacrifice. This is actually an underlying theme of the novel—that we have lost not only belief today, but the primary sense of pleasure and biological functioning in life which the ancients had. Robert Graves, for example, has developed this theme in a series of brilliant historical novels.

But in the present story the minister's son gives up the family tradition to become a bankrupt painter. He cannot create anything fresh, so he starts to copy and then to forge the old masters. By implication he represents the plight of all modern artists, in Mr. Gaddis's dim view of things, if not the corruption of all levels of modern society from the television industry to the lower depths. There are some devestating party scenes, mainly around Greenwich Village, which carry forward the novel's message from this point.



The point is that beneath the elaborate religious superstructure of the story, and the series of parallel invocations to the pagan gods, "The Recognitions" is really a typical art novel of the 1920s. And the fatal flaw of this genre is simply that the central figures, as in Mr. Gaddis's case too, are only half-artists, who never really engage our sympathy or interest; who never represent anything but themselves. The outside world of modern American life, which is surely a legitimate subject for the novelist today, is described so imperfectly, and so superficially as to make us feel that the novelist himself has never known it.

It is quite possible that Mr. Gaddis is not even pretending to an elementary realism, since the plot is complete fantasy, somewhat reminiscent of Rex Warner's "Wild Goose Chase." But if people as people no longer concern this new school of symbolists or surrealists—which can be an indictment either of modern life or of them—then we must still be caught up not merely by the craft of the artist, but by the central vision of life. Thus figures like Joyce or Picasso do engage our sympathy when they break through traditional forms of art.

But the artist must really understand that which he rejects. Despite Mr. Gaddis's "irony, wit, and erudition," of which we are told, "The Recognitions" never achieves any kind of contact, not merely with modern life, but even with the biological vitality which it stresses. Or with any other kind of true human experience. Whatever is of genuine merit in the novel is drained off into a continuous verbal vaporizing; and whatever is here of genuine talent is consumed by an obsession, as I can only call it, with pretentiousness.

Amazon Quest

"A Crossbowman's Story," by George Millar *(Alfred A. Knopf. 354 pp. $3.95), is a fictional re-creation of the first exploration of the Amazon. Here it is reviewed by Victor W. von Hagen, who has just returned from a two-year expedition in Peru studying the Inca highways.*

By Victor W. von Hagen

THE "conquest" has continued since Prescott to be the favorite motif of those writing on Hispanic America. And for good reason. The canvas of the conquest is so large, the material so stirring that it offers endless counterpoint. George Millar's "The Crossbowman's Story" is a variation on the theme of the Amazon.

The story can be told again and again and never quite lose its air of improbability. After the fall of the Inca Empire with hordes of disoccupied soldiers about, anxious for this mischief or that, Pizarro encouraged expeditions to the far-flung corners of the Inca's realm. To his brother, Gonzalo Pizarro, "who took no more notice of a thousand Indians than he would a handful of flies," he gave the assignment of finding out the purlieu of El

(*Continued on page* 44)

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The Saturday Review

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The Art of Censorship

CENSORSHIP of speech includes censorship of the written word whether in books, magazines, or newspapers. There are several aspects to censorship. One is concerned with morals; another with ideas and literature. Unhappily, immorality has a market value; but we cannot continue to permit "comic books" for children and adolescents which portray murder and sadism for young minds, or permit the advertising of instruments of torture, or weapons with live ammunition, to be sold to adolescents. We cannot permit erotic motion pictures shown in back-street houses to youths; or television shows, during what Longfellow called "The Children's Hour," which arouse demonic ideas.

On the other hand, we cannot endure in a free society the censorship of speech and literature which is not deliberately pornographic or sadistic. As far as current literature is concerned, aside from the occasional lapses of too zealous or self-appointed censors and policemen we are a remarkably free country. Boston's Watch and Ward Society is no longer a menace; none of our large cities any longer permits for any length of time a self-imposed arbiter to decide what books should not be read.

We are now faced with what is for us a new and yet historic kind of censorship, censorship of ideas. The mind of the vast majority of adults is capable of absorbing doctrines of every kind, from Christianity to Karl Marx, from Thomas Jefferson to the latest prophets of death and doom. Adults should be allowed to read everything that intrigues them. We are fundamentally a sane country. To say "you must not read this or that dangerous book, or subscribe to papers and magazines that oppose our way of life" is idiotic. If we cannot believe in the common sense of the average American we may as well give up the ghost right now.

Censorship has more devious ways today: the ghost writer, for example, who is hired to smooth out or create his client's speech, or the recording device which permits a man's words to be cut and trimmed before they are put on the air. The art of "dubbing" and cutting has come to life. In magazine articles the word "written by" under the narrator's name may be used to smooth out or erase awkward or embarrassing ideas. Every step we take backward—from the editorial writer whose boss persuades him to change his attitude to the foreign correspondent who cannot say that the people of Minsk seemed well fed and cheerful without qualifying it by a glimpse into the slums—is dangerous to free speech in a free democracy.

We must defy the hired ghost-writers, the trimmers, the cutters, the dubbers, and speak our own minds as long as anyone wants to hear or to read what we have to say. It is not too dramatic to state that the eyes of the Western world are watching us, for more is expected of us than any other free country on earth. If we allow the censor, the popular phrasemaker, the latest terror-monger, or the public-relations officer to take over we are doomed.

THAT we are now faced with an unaccustomed and extremely dangerous form of censorship, a censorship of silence, was revealed by Joseph and Stewart Alsop in a recent article in *The Saturday Evening Post*, entitled "That Washington Security Curtain." It is based on their conviction that the American people cannot make vital decisions any longer because they are not allowed to get from their newspapers the essential facts. "The flow of significant information has not stopped, but fewer life-and-death facts reach the front page," the Alsops write. "While the politicians were solemnly discussing the President's multi-billion highway construction the men with the clearance were discussing in secret whether there would be any Americans to ride on the big highways." It is an alarming fact that while we are in the midst of a technological and strategic revolution the men who know the facts do not trust the public with them. It is certainly true that when the people of this country are suddenly confronted with a sudden national crisis of which they have been ignorant the Government may not be able to carry out a new policy; for if the people do not know why they should support it they will not do so.

In normal times it is accepted by sensible people that nearly all forms of censorship are a blight and should be stifled at birth. In times of tension, when a war may be over the horizon and when our enemies are clearly recognizable and are clearly attempting to destroy our way of life and government, it is not at all simple, because a theory is then entangled with the passions and fears of the people. At the time of the Civil War any Northern economist who had the hardihood to write a book extoling some of the virtues of the agricultural and aristocratic society of the South might have expected, and perhaps would have deserved, whatever fate he was risking. Today a book comparing the Russian Communist-Soviet system favorably in comparison with our own capitalist-socialist society would get into trouble with the public immediately. Although this discrimination between what is acceptable and what is not permissable has the appearance of censorship, it is actually outside the realm of the normal prohibitions to which literature must always object and which must always be fought.

It is proper to leave the final word to President Eisenhower. At the height of the effort to destroy or remove certain books in some of the American libraries abroad he said, "Don't think that we are going to conceal faults by concealing evidence. . . . Don't be afraid to go in your library and read every book, as long as any document does not offend our ideas of decency. That should be the only censorship!" —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LOCAL TRADE WINDS IN ROCHESTER

SKIPPER BENNETT CERF apparently avoided the local TRADE WINDS [*SR* Feb. 5] in reporting on his recent visit to Rochester.

Noting that the late philanthropist George Eastman "helped make that community one of the most prosperous and cultured in the land," Cerf commented on the fate of a "not too-complimentary novel, vaguely based on (the) career" of the late industrialist and "published last year."

"So much are his numerous grants and benefactions appreciated in those parts," wrote Mr. Cerf, "that . . . the influential people of Rochester, by common consent, gave it (the unnamed novel) the silent treatment, always the sure way to kill a book. An author . . . is destroyed when he *is ignored completely.*" (Italics mine) Inexplicably squeamish about names, Cerf only hinted at the novelist's identity. He was, he revealed, "one of the most accomplished and best-liked gentlemen in Rochester. Nor has his book affected his popularity in the slightest degree. His friends simply pretend he never wrote it."

What Cerf neglected to note was that "By His Own Hand," by Henry W. Clune, published in the fall of 1952 (*not* last year), did a bop biz of more than 6,000 copies in the author's home-town and set all-time seasonal records for the sale of any novel in the city's two leading bookshops. I happen to know that a large segment of these purchasers were among the "influential people" who, Cerf said, "ignored completely" Clune's book. Perhaps on his next visit to Rochester Skipper Cerf may not overlook the local trade winds.

STEVE FITZGERALD.

Rochester, N. Y.

STIRRING ADDRESS

THANK YOU so much for reprinting the stirring address of Senator J. William Fulbright [*SR* Feb. 12]. This address should be made available as reprints at the cheapest possible price, no fancy cover, no fine paper. People like me who are not good speakers or writers, but who recognize the makings of a good pamphlet, can at least say: "Here is a pamphlet by Senator Fulbright that can help you help keep America free in the way that matters, please take it and read it and pass it on to a friend."

BERNARD E. KANE.

Crescent City, Fla.

NO BIOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENT

PROFESSOR HAROLD SMITH'S view in the article "Education and the Control of Evolution" [*SR* Jan. 8] that little genetic improvement will be made in man in the next 50,000 years seems to me to be hardly less pessimistic than the views of Somerset Maugham and the others whom Smith cites. Smith's view seems predicated on the assumption that genetics will not discover any appreciable amount of information relevant to human biological improvement in this future period. This, I repeat, seems pessimistic and is not in accord with Smith's general observation on the "accelerating advance" made by science: if genetics and evolution science have made the progress that they have in the last 100 years, isn't it reasonable to expect at least a few periods of accelerated advance in them in the next fifty millennia?

W. R. SMITH.

Newfield, N.Y.

"Does 63592187653.4213400632 look right to you?"

A PUBLIC DISSERVICE

HERBERT BRUCKER'S recent article "Newspapers Shouldn't Play God" [*SR* Jan: 1] touched what has been a long-time sore spot with me; namely, that newspapers frequently overstep the bounds of pure reporting and either intentionally or in the sincere belief of their impartiality emphasize the most sensational aspects of the news—and this in the name only of giving full and unbiased news coverage.

Brucker is entirely justified in his point that no newspaper has the right to censor or withhold newsworthy items from the public. However, it seems to me that neither does a newspaper have the right to *feed* the greed for gossip and enjoyment of sensationalism that characterize what is worst in the modern reading public. This is, contrary to what Mr. Brucker would have us believe, a direct public disservice. More than the news story itself is involved, though. It frequently occurs that objective reporting is done in by headlines which relegate it immediately to scandal and give it a place out of all proportion to its innate importance. This goes far beyond the avowed purpose of keeping a well-informed public and hints at increasing circulation—in which case, let's forget all about the ideal of impartial coverage and everyone, newspapers and public alike, will know where we stand.

I was glad for an opportunity to hear what a responsible editor had to say on a subject which has long disturbed me. But Brucker presented an unconvincing case. It would be interesting to hear from an editor on the other side.

SARAH F. BELL.

Urbana, Ill.

SACKCLOTH, ALSO ASHES

A FEW weeks ago [*SR* Dec. 25] my signature appeared over a listing of good mystery and detective stories which had been noticed in these pages during 1954. I made the listing by going over my various CRIMINAL RECORDS and noting down those titles toward which I had manifested a lavish enthusiasm. In the going-over process, I somehow managed to skip one novel of which I had reported: "Usual excellent job by classic performer; perhaps his best," and in the Verdict column I had said: "An old master." How, with this noble billing, I managed to pass the title by I cannot say (something in my eye, perhaps). I hereby bow the head and make good the omission. Add to the 1954 mystery honor-roll "The Long Goodbye," by Raymond Chandler.

SGT. CUFF.

New York, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

AN EARTHIER KIT

AT ITS EDINBURGH unveiling Christopher Fry's **"The Dark Is Light Enough"** [*SR* Apr. 3, 1954] seemed beautiful but terribly remote. Although the dialogue was more direct than previous Fry exhibits, the characters remained more interested in wit and poesy than in such dramatic events as the Hungarian rebellion of 1848 raging outside the window, a husband held hostage by the invading army, a bit of near-adultery, a duel in which the son of the house is shot, and the death of Countess Rosmarin, the play's leading character. Of course, non-interference is the ideal of civilized Christianity, and—of course—the essence of comedy is for the individual to achieve a momentary superiority over the stream of events that leads to death. Nevertheless, as a piece of theatre "The Dark Is Light Enough" seemed to twinkle a million light years away. If the characters onstage refused to get excited about matters, why should we the audience?

In the new American production, director Guthrie McClintic has moved his cast halfway between the earth and the Milky Way. Whatever the characters may say, they do seem more emotionally involved in the here and now of the play. The effect is perhaps comparable to what happens when Shakespeare is played in another language. There is a gain in basic clarity, but a loss in poetry and complexity. What is clear in this production is that these Thursday evening discussions held at the Countess's home create a special milieu, a finite heaven that may surpass the Biblical one. Just as "Camino Real" was not a geographical spot, but the down-moment through which the romantic must pass, so perhaps is Christopher Fry's "Thursday world" the up-moment in the lives of the compassionate.

While English audiences may not have known where the sound was coming from, they received a measure of enjoyment from just listening to Dame Edith Evan's celestial symphony. Here in New York Countess Rosmarin is played by Katharine Cornell, and her performance is a beautifully-thought-out violin solo. To it Miss Cornell brings an admirable honesty, assuming nothing that the audience isn't in on. She works her way through speeches as if to retest their validity. While this approach may break the rhythmic fall of Fry's swift snowflakes, it leaves us with a very human Rosmarin whose concern with the vicissitudes in the story keeps us involved at critical moments. Miss Cornell also manages a rare touch of extremely mortal humor when, after taking a great deal of trouble to learn a bawdy soldiers' tune, she remarks, "There are better songs, of course." If Rosmarin is God, as the script suggests, Miss Cornell makes Her an earth-bred deity whose every bit of divinity is taxed by bellicose mortals.

God's loss of omnipotence is easier to accept than what has happened to Richard Gettner, the play's cynic, who represents the worst and most rebellious in all our natures. Tyrone Power has elected to play Gettner simply as a pitifully weak coward. The result may be a character more clearly defined than he was in the script, but it also leaves us with a dull and colorless protagonist in a play that needs every bit of force it can muster.

In a supporting role, John Williams as a man who reconciles the fact that he is sometimes a liar with an unimpeachable integrity gives a performance that has style, force, and reality. While Mr. Williams's excellence is no news to those familiar with his career, he seems in this play to have found a new intensity. The remainder of the cast is nowhere nearly as comfortable with the particular problems of performing Fry, and are thus seen at a disadvantage.

Part of the trouble may be Oliver Messel's rich romantic scenery, which challenges the actors to outshine it. While they have wisely chosen not to allow this challenge to provoke them into a patently artificial kind of histrionics, they have in simplifying "The Dark Is Light Enough" fallen short of making matters very exciting. Still Fry's sad comedy is conceived on a higher level than any play on Broadway, and is not to be missed by anyone who likes to thread his way through the uncharted cosmos, particularly in the pleasant company of a Katharine Cornell who is more friendly and down-to-earth than I have ever seen her. In cases like these the less-than-replete is more than enough.

* * *

George S. Kaufman, who with his wife, Leueen MacGrath, were the original adaptors of the new musical **"Silk Stockings,"** is reported to have described Ernie Martin of producers Feuer and Martin as "Jed Harris rolled into one." This tribute to the producer's relentless drive towards perfection as he sees it may explain the phenomenal success of Feuer and Martin, who have just achieved their fifth hit in five attempts.

When "Silk Stockings," which began as an attempt to attach jokes about the Russians to a story (they finally selected "Ninotchka"), opened in Philadelphia the show had plenty of laughs but its total effect was depressing. Mr. Kaufman, who had been directing the show, became ill and retired. Subsequently Cy Feuer took over the direction and Abe Burrows came in to work on the book. Two jokes added by Mr. Burrows were a crack about Ninotchka belonging to "the Daughters of the Soviet Revolution" and another about looking up a prominent Russian in "Who's Still Who."

After seeing its long-delayed New York opening, it is pleasant to report that "Silk Stockings" is a jolly evening of sophisticated jokes with brief rest periods between the laughs during which snatches of lovely Cole Porter melodies are sung. There is also one very fine dance number, in which a group of Soviet artists attempts to interpret American jazz. Beyond that much praise one finds the going difficult. The lyrics are heard so sparingly that one cannot confirm the impression that most of them are below the Cole Porter standard; Don Ameche and Hildegarde Neff perform with such confidence and pace that one hesitates to call them uninteresting; and a young newcomer named Gretchen Wyler has so much impact on the audience with her take-off on a Hollywood beauty "in her first serious *non-swimming* picture" that one cannot really tell whether the performance is coarse or merely a satire on the view of American vulgarity held by many Europeans.

What Feuer and Martin have done is to present the shining face of a hit musical so skilfully that one never notices it's not breathing.

—HENRY HEWES.

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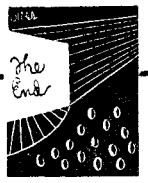

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

SOMEWHAT BEASTLY TO THE BRITISH

THE AMERICAN motion-picture industry has so vigorously invaded the European market that some form of reprisal was inevitable. European producers—and England's primarily—have long sought to divert to their own coffers some part of that beautiful golden stream that flows incessantly toward Hollywood.

Recently they have adopted a relatively subtle plan. Realizing that most movies are sold over here on the basis of star names, they have lured into the English studios many of our top actors and actresses—aided, it should be noted, by a gap in our tax laws that exempted income earned by anyone residing outside the country for a period of two years. Gregory Peck is one star who has been taking well-publicized advantage of this loophole, and the most recent product of his looping is currently visible in the J. Arthur Rank presentation **"The Purple Plain"** (United Artists). A curious mixture of the American and British styles of film making, it thuds heavily between the two schools.

It's the kind of story our own studios grind out regularly several times a year—the one about the crack aviator forced to bail out with his crew over hostile terrain who leads his men to safety. This time the terrain is Japheld Burma during the last war, a Burma of lush jungle vegetation and arid wastes made vivid by Technicolor and a resourceful sound crew. As a result, this section of the picture achieves at least its anticipated quota of standard thrills and chills. But even in an action picture the British feel that some attention should be paid to character, and Eric Ambler, who wrote the screenplay for this film, spends at least half his time establishing the obvious. Peck plays a Canadian flyer with no regard for his own life or anyone else's. A complete neurosthenic, he is the despair of his squadron until a friendly medic introduces him to a charming Burmese girl. Love. Peck has something to live for. And then, of course, the script dumps him in the desert.

All this takes too long to establish—too long, at least, if the main purpose of the film is to dwell on the flyer's derrin'-do. Peck manages to make the squadron commander fairly persuasive, the British contingent of actors supporting him is top-notch, and Win Min Than is lovely to look at in an array of pastel gowns. Even so, "The Purple Plain" fails to jell, achieving neither the swiftness of a good Hollywood adventure film nor the depth of an authentically British character drama.

* * *

Every once in a while the English studios turn out a movie that represents their idea of what American audiences want—a frothy, star-studded affair generously laced with songs, jokes, and sex. But, as **"Innocents in Paris"** (Tudor) again reveals, nobody can be Hollywood nearly so convincingly as Hollywood. Despite a cast that includes Alastair Sim, Margaret Rutherford, Claire Bloom, Laurence Harvey, and Claude Dauphin—and introducing Mara Lane, billed as "Britain's Marilyn Monroe"—the film ambles along a very tedious road.

* * *

On the other hand, there is still one section of Britain's film makers who have perceived that imitating Hollywood is folly and tailoring for American tastes is, at best, perilous. These producers make pictures primarily for their home market—films like "Passport to Pimlico," "The Lavender Hill Mob," and last year's "Genevieve." Though popular in their own country, their appeal is perhaps limited on this side of the Atlantic. But to audiences who relish the piquant differences that exist between our national temperaments and customs their undiluted Britishness is in itself a sheer delight. And when to that is added a gallery of types as charming and gay as the bubbling young medics who populate **"Doctor in the House"** (Republic) the combination is irresistible. Although based on a novel by Richard Gordon, there is little in the film that might properly be described as plot. It's simply the adventures of four high-spirited young medical students, and their girl friends, through five years of training at old St. Swithin's Hospital. Some of the fun, inevitably, is extracurricular—like Dirk Bogarde's heavy date with Kay Kendall (the stunning girl who played trumpet in "Genevieve"); yet an amazing amount of it is indigenous to its hospital setting—the patients who know more than the internes, the blustering head surgeon, the blistering headmaster, and the diverse stratagems of the students to date the prettier nurses. If the dialogue is always as British as *Punch*, it is often just as amusing.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT

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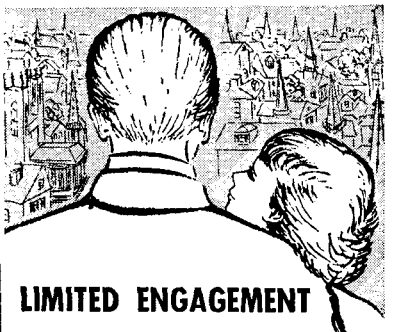

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TV AND RADIO

EDITORS OR PUPPETS?

THE first shot in the Battle of the Presidential Press-Conference was fired by James Wechsler, with an editorial in *The New York Post* blasting "the censorship imposed by the White House . . . which the networks have supinely accepted." It is, said the *Post*, a censorship governed not by considerations of national, but of Republican, security. In detail: out of twenty-seven questions-and-answers eleven were deleted and nine of these "were episodes in which the President's lines were, uh, slow or, well, unincisive."

Now, we have here again an instance of a mass media being used in a new way without any public discussion. Comment of course there has been; on CBS Eric Sevareid partly endorsed and partly dissented from the *Post*'s position. But full-scale debate did not occur. As in the case of sponsoring the conventions and the Inauguration, the network managers never think of letting these basic questions be aired on the air; nor has there been ample debate on crime programs; nor on the limits of advertising. With the snowballing consequence that we are now to have a Congressional investigation which is overtly concerned with the economics of network operation and the possibility of an anti-trust action, but which actually intrudes on the area of program materials and content.

If the TV conference ever gets to the discussion stage, Roscoe Drummond of the *Herald Tribune* can oppose the *Post*'s editorial writer. Mr. Drummond says that "there were no deletions for policy reasons or merely to keep the President presented only in a favorable light." He quotes a question in a reversal of policy and the President's answer: ". . . I had made an error. So I tried to correct it." Questions bearing directly on this precise question of censorship were also left in the report. Mr. Drummond then equates the broadcasters with the newspapers: to the press the entire proceedings of the news-conference are available provided the President is not quoted directly without specific permission, and "the broadcasters are free to record and screen whatever the President releases for direct attribution just as is the press —no more, no less, no differently." He feels that *The Commonweal* "misstates the situation when it says: 'The fact that the televised accounts are Government-censored and the press accounts are not makes the two mediums radically different, radically unequal vehicles of communication'."

BUT I think *The Commonweal* is wrong only in its premise—the conclusion is universally true regardless of Government censorship, and the sooner we understand this the better: television and the newspapers *are* radically different, and every attempt to guide one by the rules of the other sets a trap for the unwary. The two may coincide at one point and the advantage may be first on one side, then on the other. But they are different in nature and different in the way they are understood. They differ in intent and in effect. Years ago, when Frank Stanton was arguing against the Mayflower decision and demanding the right of stations to editorialize, he said that of course time would be given for reply, just as newspapers print letters to the editor. But a TV station cannot make room for twenty programs answering one—and, as Senator McCarthy discovered, merely having time to reply, without skill and money and program-prestige, is worse than useless.

The *Post* says that the members of the press are being used as "unwitting puppets in a propaganda show." Mr. Drummond says that "television reporting, *if it is prepared to assert its independence*, has a powerful weapon of defense against improper editing" (*i.e.*, by calling attention to deletions). The conditional clause I have put in italics is to be collated with the *Post*'s reminder that during the Roosevelt era the press, largely Republican, "kept the voice of opposition alive," and now the party represented in the White House "dominates the press . . . and now the men who control the air have even abdicated their right to edit their own programs." But we do not have a Republican-party system of broadcasting, or a Democratic. We have a go-along system.

I suggest to the networks a debate between the editorial writers of the *Post* and *The Commonweal* on one side and Roscoe Drummond and the President's press secretary (James C. Hagerty) on the other. No one will be more surprised than myself if they accept the suggestion.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

KARAJAN IN D. C., "ORFEO" WITH STEVENS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OF THE places in this country where it seemed probable Herbert von Karajan would make his debut as a conductor, Washington, D. C., was rather low on the list, not having the kind of resident orchestra that would venture so boldly for guest talent. But, in taking on the direction of the tour of the Berlin Philharmonic vacated by the death of Wilhelm Furtwaengler, Karajan also fell heir to the ceremonial inauguration here, to which he responded not with a few well-chosen words, but with as well-chosen a list of music as Mozart's "Haffner" symphony, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," and the Brahms No. 1.

As to the angry mutterings which preceded the New York appearances, they were wholly lacking in Constitution Hall, where the tranquility of a mild pre-March afternoon was as evident within as without. The façade of respectability (in the face of Karajan's known record as a Nazi Party member from about 1935, when he was in his mid-twenties) erected by the presence of Chief Justice Earl Warren in the box of the German Ambassador, plus enough State Department personnel to make former Ambassador Joseph Grew inconspicuous, had the solid, rather blank look of a typical Government building. You can, apparently, "do business" with those who did business with Hitler.

Karajan materialized from the wings in a swirl of coattails, arms, and baton, suggesting to those seeing him for the first time something of a leaner James Mason. From the first waves of sound in the "The Star Spangled Banner" and German national anthem (Haydn's famous old one) it was clear that this was a great orchestra playing—meshed, integrated, substantial. Karajan's Mozart was meticulous, and in the first three movements a little ponderous. When he turned the strings loose in the lively finale they scampered through it like men accustomed to start the day with a Mozart quartet.

Karajan's platform manner is an artful compound of "boyish" (he is forty-six) enthusiasm, a comradely relation with the players, and an almost overplayed humility in the face of audience approval. In this instance, it was so fulsome that bows were limited only by his choice of a point-of-no-return. How much of this is calculation, how much expressive of a fundamental attitude only the future will tell.

So far as this program suggested, Karajan's concentration to this time has been on the development of a technique as thorough-going as it is serviceable, as explicit as it is unostentatious. In works such as those of this program—which the orchestra knows as well, at the very least, as he does—he wasted few motions, reserving the vigorous ones, properly, for a climax. When he chooses, as in "Till" or the finale of the Brahms, he can detonate a considerable explosion. It is clear, however, that he has the gift of standing outside his performance as it happens, with that icy kind of self-control that is a rarity among conductors at any time.

In terms of expressiveness, the musical results tend to be more expert than meaningful. Save in the Mozart (and tastes in Mozart are as individual as tastes in ties) the musical markmanship was consistently on target, with gratifyingly little distortion of the whimsical "my Brahms" type, rather a straightforward concentration on essentials. Whether Karajan will eventually take the road of poet or pragmatist I doubt that even he could foretell now. Certainly he stands head and shoulders above virtually all the new conductors introduced to this country since what used to be called the war.

As for the orchestra, it is marvelously supple and cultured in its string players, a little thick to our ears in the brass, and apparently rebuilding its woodwind complement. At any rate, the average age in the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon area appeared younger than elsewhere, lacking in the outstanding artistry to make up for the thin, rather hard sound favored in the reeds. Altogether, it does not have the warmth and sheen of the Vienna Philharmonic, for example, if rather more dash than the Concertgebouw. It will be interesting to hear how it sounds thirty days hence, after a month with Karajan. It is, in any case, a finely balanced entity, with a pride of accomplishment obvious both in the effort expended and in the pleasure which the players took in the engulfing applause.

Karajan—"head and shoulders above."

* * *

A dozen years of silence for the noble music Gluck wrote into his setting of "Orfeo ed Eurydice" is obviously disproportionate to its place in the operatic hierarchy, and its return to the Metropolitan repertory recently was more than welcome. An amended version of Harry Horner's appropriate scenery (the Elysian Fields were more cheerful than before), Pierre Monteux to conduct, and Alicia Markova to dance in the recurrent ballet episodes were all factors to arouse interest.

However, it was no less experienced an operatic personality than Gustav Mahler who held as a directorial precept, "Don't give an opera if you can't cast the title role." The application of this to such works as "Carmen" and "Boris," "Rigoletto" and "Tosca" is beyond question, and the dual title of Gluck's work doesn't lessen the emphasis on Orfeo rather than Eurydice. In the present instance, it is the unhappy fact that for all her fine figure, serious effort, and straightforward attention to musical business, Risë Stevens does not now have the voice for Orfeo. The low register is weak and the middle undependable; both in volume and quality it is inadequate for the majestic range of effect Gluck asked of his Orfeo.

In terms of vocal endeavor, Miss Stevens strove hard to make the appeal to the furies impressive, the arrival in Elysian Fields wondrous, the lament of "Che faro" expressive. It was rather distressing to find Pierre Monteux, who otherwise conducted a clean, finely phrased (if neither compellingly vigorous nor rhythmically incisive) reading, accelerating and slowing tempi here to provide theatrical effect (with irrelevant alterations of pace) which Miss Stevens could not muster from her voice.

There is, unfortunately, no pros-

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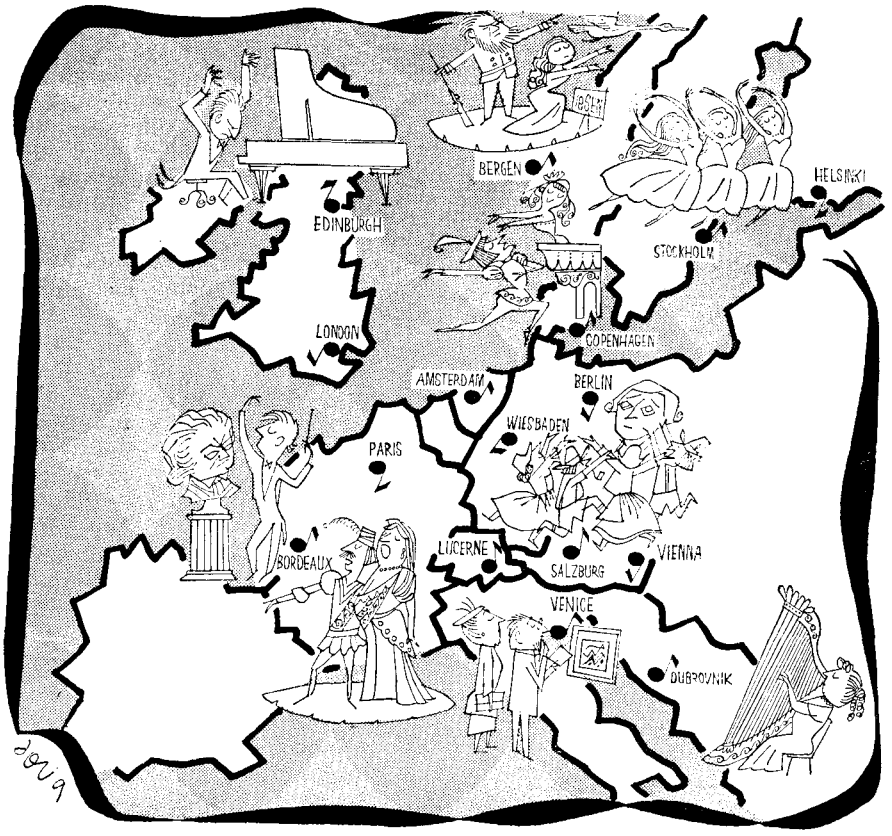
pect that the excellent qualities of Hilde Gueden as Eurydice, Laurel Hurley as Un' Ombra Felice, or Roberta Peters as Amore will have the balance a fine Orfeo would provide, for the expected appearance of Giulietta Simionatto is off, for this season at least. Likewise devalued are the lightness and disembodied ease of Markova's superb pantomime-dance (one stresses pantomime here because the part she plays in the drama is marvelously evocative of the unreal "underworld" of shades and spirits) and the admirable choreography of Zachary Solov, the best he has done in this theatre. Kurt Adler's choral direction and Herbert Graf's staging were solidly suitable to a production which reflected credit on all but Rudolf Bing's second choice of a leading lady.

Of the several performances to date of the new production of "Andrea Chenier," the one in which Renata Tebaldi returned to activity after her siege of illness, with Mario del Monaco as Chenier and Ettore Bastianini as Gerard, was the most cohesive, of the best blended style. Fausto Cleva had everything very well in hand from the start, with some of Tebaldi's refinement rubbing off the rough spots of Del Monaco's abundant vigor, and Bastianini giving increasing evidence, week by week, of being a rising star in this particular firmament. The overflow audience had ample vocal volume and a good deal of quality about which to enthuse.

Tebaldi's Maddeleine added to her Desdemona and Mimi a characterization of much subtlety and emotional communication, in which believable action complemented vocal artistry of rare style. When all her roles are accounted for, it may be decided that this is not an all-out beautiful voice: it coasts easily in the middle range of power, and she has mastered a very usable pianissimo, but the louder effects are mostly attained by main force. Nevertheless, she is always in character, and when she concentrates on an emotional episode such as "La mamma morta," she transforms it from an operatic aria into an explosive theatrical *tour de force*. It may be eventually determined that Tebaldi's singing is rarely perfect; but it is never superficial or without inner motivation.

Amidst the plaudits for the overseas celebrities, some were forthcoming for Sandra Warfield, a young American mezzo, who sang the music of the blind Madelon in a strong young voice of decided promise. Rosalind Elias's confident Bersi was another example of the strength-in-depth of the company. —I. K.

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS



Festival Forecast: Europe 1955

By IRVING KOLODIN

FOR those who think that a forecast should be a *fore*cast, let them be advised that on January 27, 1956, they can observe the actual day of the Mozart birth at the Mozart birthplace of 200 years before. A winter festival—the first known to me—has been scheduled in Salzburg beginning on January 21, with a performance of "La Finta Semplice." It will continue with daily events featuring such performers as Backhaus, Edwin Fischer, and Walter Gieseking, with the Vienna and Berlin Philharmonics participating under the direction of Böhm, Karajan, etc. On the birthdate a mass will be sung in the afternoon, with a performance of "Idomeneo" in the evening.

Those, however, who are content to do their festival shopping in a normal sequence of summer now, winter later will find awaiting them a wider variety of areas and activities, people and programs than ever before. Beginning in early May, when Wiesbaden in Germany presents its own and other German opera companies in a month-long sequence starting on the third, and the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino opens in Florence on the fourth, there will be music or ballet, opera or concerts on a festival scale in some part of Europe almost daily through the summer. In Bordeaux it begins on the twelfth, in Bonn a Beethoven observance starts on the fifteenth, and on the nineteenth the Philadelphia Orchestra will initiate ANTA's "Salute to France" with a concert in Paris under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. In succession will come presentations of "Medea" and "Oklahoma!" with the participation of stellar American stage names.

Further north, Copenhagen has announced a festival by its Royal Danish Ballet beginning on the seventeenth, and including, in addition to local specialties, stagings of Frederick Ashton's version of Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" and the Balanchine-Taras "Night Shadows," based on Bellini transcribed by Rieti. Of special interest at the Bergen Festival in Norway—which begins on May 26—will be appearances by David Oistrakh, pre-eminent Russian violinist, and Leopold Stokowski . . . though whether they will join forces has not yet been made clear. Ibsen's "Wild Duck" will be on view for drama-

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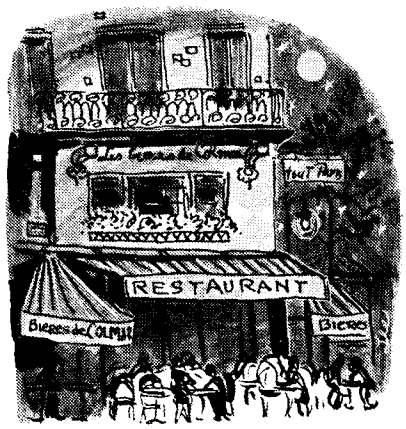

lovers, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is booked for a song recital.

Traditionally, June is the month for the activities in such well-established places as Glyndebourne, Vienna, and Amsterdam, but they have been augmented by others lately. As usual, Glyndebourne will have a Mozart emphasis beginning on June 8 with "Le Nozze di Figaro" ("Don Giovanni" is also in the repertory), but Rossini will be represented by "Le Comte Ory" as well as "Il Barbiere," with Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" coming along later. Vienna's "Festwoche" ("Festival Weeks") will be in progress simultaneously, with such works as "Andrea Chenier," "Boris," and Strauss's "Intermezzo" joining the house specialties of Mozart at the Theatre an de Wien, "Cosi" in the intimate Redoutensalle, symphony concerts in the several halls, etc. In the week beginning June 6 Stockholm invites attention to ballet and concerts climaxed by an appearance of the Philadelphia Orchestra on June 16. The orchestra will also take part in the Sibelius festival at Helsinki, Finland, from June 10 to 18. In between, Strasbourg has its festival from June 7 to 15.

Wurzburg is joining the festival list on June 11, with Eugen Jochum conducting Mozart concerts with such soloists as Hans Hotter, bass-baritone; Johanna Martzy, violin; and Maria Stader, soprano. The Holland Festival will have a more international scope than ever before when it opens for a full month on June 15: a Scala presentation of "L'Italiana in Algeri" featuring Giulietta Simionato, the Shakespeare Memorial Company offering "King Lear" and "Much Ado About Nothing" with Peggy Ashcroft and Sir John Gielgud, a series of ballets by the New York City Ballet, and such orchestras as the Israel Philharmonic and the Hague Residentie in addition to the world-famous Concertgebouw. There will also be Mozart opera under the direction of Joseph Krips, and the Hungarian Quartet will give a cycle of Bartok. Other tastes will be served in the June 18-23 period by Baden Baden, where contemporary composition will be presented by the ISCM, and in Augsburg, which is having a Schiller festival to mark the 150th anniversary of the poet's death. Verdi's "Don Carlo" will come into the musical program, and "The Maid of Orleans" is to be staged.

On the assumption that most festival visitors will be occupied with one or another of the foregoing during the balance of June and into early July, the next wave of sound doesn't break until July 10, when Aix-en-Provence will lure listeners with something for every taste—almost. Opera will include Gluck's "Orpheo," Mozart's "Figaro" and "Cosi fan tutte," Gounod's "Mireille." Concert music will range from the very new to the "Cercle Jean-Sebastian Bach" from Geneva, with Thomas Schippers scheduled to conduct the "Orchestre Louis de Froment," and Leon Fleisher and Samson François among the instrumental soloists. Alceo Galliera, Otto Ackerman, Jean Martinon, and Andre Cluytens will conduct.

A "NEW" festival, but already celebrating its tenth anniversary in 1955, is that at Bregenz, where the enduring attraction is Johann Strauss's "Nacht in Venedig" done at the open-air Lake Theatre. Other music is also provided, likewise stage productions of Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," and Grillparzer's "König Ottokar's Glück und Ende." Nearby, in Lucerne, the summer's choicest group of conductors will begin work on August 6, in a series that will bring, successively, Ernest Ansermet, Rafael Kubelik, Ataulfo Argenta, Karajan, and Mitropoulos to the direction of the Swiss Festival Orchestra.

Looking ahead to '56, no doubt the Salzburg Festival beginning on July 26 is relatively conservative in its Mozart stage presentations, balancing "Magic Flute" and "Il Seraglio" with Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," Pfitzner's "Palestrina," and, as the summer's prime novelty, Werner Egk's "Irish Legend," which will have its premiere August 17. In Munich, Mozart is virtually out of the running with "Don Giovanni" and "Figaros Hochzeit" down for a mere two performances apiece. However, the "Ring" will be offered on five successive days (a break intervenes between "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung") August 27-September 1, as part of a sequence that includes such Strauss operas as "Frau ohne Schatten," "Capriccio," and "Die Liebe der Danae" as well as the more usual "Rosenkavalier," "Salome," "Elektra," and "Arabella." Munich begins its season August 12 and runs to September 11.

In Bayreuth, where historic things seem to happen almost atmospherically, the restoration of Wagner's works in new productions will be completed (save for "Rienzi") with the addition of "The Flying Dutchman" to the Ring, "Tannhäuser," and "Parsifal," which will comprise the year's repertory. The new "Flying Dutchman," built around Hans Hotter and Astrid Varney, will open the festival July 22, and "Tannhäuser" will close it on August 21.

As many Americans already know, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra will be one of the premier attractions of the Edinburgh Festival, where it will perform twice each under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, George Szell, and Guido Cantelli. The Glyndebourne Company will add Verdi's "Falstaff" to its repertory for the Edinburgh season, and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will be among the visiting attractions.

For those who are doing their festival-listening in the latter period of the summer or in the early fall, the end of Edinburgh on September 10 is but the beginning of another cycle, which begins in Venice on September 14. The emphasis here is on international art, more likely to be new than not, and worth watching for what may be the most-talked-about events of the year—if not the most important. In Berlin, the "Festwoche" ("Festival Weeks"), which have produced much of note in the years since they were instituted, begin this year on September 17, running through October 4. During much the same period (September 24 to October 4) Perugia offers a "Sacra Musicale" and, if the venturer is venturesome enough, he will find activity still on in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, which started back on June 15, or, in another direction, at Montreux, which marks the whole month as its Tenth "Septembre Musical."

Of course, this year the late traveler has an additional incentive, for if he can mark time long enough—and provided he has provided himself with the necessary bits of paper—he can sit in on the re-opening of the famous Vienna Opera on the Ring, which has been in the process of rebuilding after war damage for most of ten years. The actual first performance on November 5 will be Beethoven's "Fidelio," under the direction of Karl Böhm, to be followed by gala productions of "Die Meistersinger," under the direction of Fritz Reiner, etc. Each will be repeated several times with the same casts as successive "galas," so that even the Viennese may eventually get a chance to see their beloved theatre in operation sometime before *Weihnachtstag* say.

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Sound and Style

By PUTNAM ALDRICH

IT IS becoming increasingly evident that the potentialities of early music can be more fully realized when the execution approximates that of the original period than when it is adapted to current taste or to the everyday habits of modern performers. Authenticity has become an element to be reckoned with in the rendering of any music written before the nineteenth century. Thus, it is not surprising that the recent recordings of Lully's "Te Deum" (Westminster 5326), François Couperin's "Leçons de Tenebres" (Westminster 5387), and a group of songs and lute pieces by John Dowland and his contemporaries (EMS 11) all make some attempt to arrive at historical accuracy—with varying degrees of success.

Historical accuracy in musical performance involves two not necessarily inseparable factors: the kind of sound employed, and the style of playing or singing. Each period of history has had its characteristic sound ideal—a particular type of sonority that was cultivated and admired. Sound ideals are reflected in the instruments and techniques of tone production that were used at any given time; they can be reproduced quite accurately by reconstructing obsolete instruments and by following documentary instructions. The recapturing of an obsolete style of performance, on the other hand, cannot be achieved scientifically. It demands artistry and musical imagination, as well as a thorough knowledge of traditional conventions of execution that are not expressly indicated in the written music.

Hugues Cuenod—"poignancy and finesse."

The Lully "Te Deum"—a grandiose work for double chorus, solo voices, string orchestra, trumpets, and percussion—was probably first performed *in 1677, on the day when Louis XIV* became godfather to Lully's son. Pierre Capdevielle, who directs the *Ensemble vocale de Paris* and the *Orchestre de la Sainte de Musiuqe de chambre* in Westminster's recording, is not much concerned with reproducing the actual sonorities heard at the court of Fontainebleau. Lully's string parts — originally for five different sizes of violins, some now obsolete— are played by the familiar instruments of the string quartet; the trumpets are modern trumpets; the voices have that Italianate quality usually associated with nineteenth century opera. Nevertheless, Capdevielle has succeeded in evoking something of the brilliance and splendor of the French court, chiefly through stylistic means. In doing so, he has drawn heavily on the fruits of musicological research. A modern, conservatory-trained musician with the score before him would scarcely recognize this work. Notes that are written equal sound unequal; the length of dotted notes varies according to context; trills and appoggiaturas not indicated in the score are introduced freely. These disrespectful violations of the printed text, however, are quite in accordance with the performance practices of the time. Moreover, they frequently add variety and spontaneity to what appear to be hopelessly dull passages. It must be admitted that tedium is not entirely eliminated. The long, uninterrupted text of the "Te Deum" has foiled many a great composer in the matter of sustaining interest, and Lully is no exception. Despite the violent contrasts and the unfamiliar style, the listener may find that the frequent recurrence of certain patterns begins to pall. In the course of a work of this length, cliches are recognizable even if one has never heard them before.

Couperin's three "Tenebrae Services," for one and two solo voices and continuo accompaniment, were written in the very last years of Louis XIV's reign (between 1713 and 1715). Westminster's recording, with Hugues Cuenod and Gino Sinimberghi (in the third Leçon only) as soloists and Frantz Holetschek playing the harpsichord and organ, probably reproduces quite faithfully the timbres of the early eighteenth century. Mr. Cuenod's voice, which combines clarity and flexibility with great expressiveness and a precise diction, is ideally suited to Couperin's fluid, ornamented melodies. The Latin text of the Lamentations of Jeremiah is interspersed with ritualistic Hebrew words which Couperin uses as an excuse to introduce highly elaborate vocalizations. These Mr. Cuenod sets off from the arias and recitatives that *form the main body of the work*, by singing them *sotto voce* in a tone of remarkable poignancy and finesse. Indeed, one can scarcely overestimate his artistry throughout the entire recording; it is only a pity that the Italianate voice of Mr. Sinimberghi in the third Leçon cannot match Cuenod's tone as well as did that of his former partner in this work (P. Derenne, on RCA Victor 12325). Whatever defects there are in this production are of a stylistic nature. The heading, "Recitative," for instance, which Couperin gave to more than half the sections of all three works, implies that the tempo should be flexible, following the sense of the words rather than a strict beat. The regular pulse that is maintained throughout deprives the music of some of its potential expressive power. Then there is the question of accompaniment, which Couperin regarded as almost equal in importance to solo perfomance. The functions of a harpsichord accompaniment are to provide a continuous harmonic background (as indicated by the figures under the bass), and to keep the movement going with embellishments or figuration while the solo rests or holds a long note. Furthermore, the harmonies should be interpreted in a manner suited to the "affection" that is expressed at the moment, whether it be spirited or sorrowful, violent or languid. Accompaniments which do no more than plunk down chords that some editor has seen fit to provide are totally inadequate. Yet this is what Mr. Holetschek gives us in the first and third Leçons. The second Leçon fares somewhat better, since it is performed with organ and the chords are at least sustained.

THE EMS collection contains songs (strictly speaking, *ayres*) and solo lute pieces by John Dowland and his contemporaries John Attey, Robert Jones, Philip Rosseter, and John Bartlett. The recording is less successful than those hitherto discussed in capturing the flavor of the period. The songs are sung by Frederick Fuller, a baritone whose powerful and resonant concert-hall voice has been duti-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Bob Brookmeyer Quartet: With Red Mitchell, Frank Isola, and John Williams. Pacific Jazz Records PJLP-16. $3.85.	Bob Brookmeyer, who is one of best of the young modern trombonists, has a nasal, almost catarrhous tone on his instrument (valve trombone), a subtle approach to emotion, and plenty of musicianship. There are four originals and four standards, with Brookmeyer offering a striking rendition of "Body and Soul" that is both smoky and eloquent.
Springsequence: With Ralph Burns and His Ensemble. Period SPL-1105. $4.	Ralph Burns, who used to arrange for and play piano with that emperor of big jazz bands, the first Herman Herd, played enough brief solos in those days to be extremely tantalizing. Now, in five odes to the fragilities of spring—two are worthy Burns works—the pianist, with the help of Clyde Lombardi, Osie Johnson, and an unnamed guitarist, gives a delightful exhibition of gentle and original jazz piano, which, in its continual preoccupation with the marrows of the melodies at hand, is as pleasant as a deep, winter chair.
Red Camp Upright. Cook Sounds of Our Times LP-1089. $4.	Red Camp is a citizen of Texas, and a great admirer, according to the notes, of Peck Kelley. Here seated at an old barroom piano, with mandolin and guitar attachments, he solos on three old hats and twines around with a guitar and bass on five more. There seems to be a great deal of tinkling going on, but it all swings and calls to mind older, looser times of jazz.
Songs by Anita O'Day. Norgran MG N-30, $3.98.	Eight disappointing impressions set down early in 1954 by Miss O'Day, who is reportedly making one of those curious junkets known in show business as a "comeback." The difficulty here, aside from frequent lapses of intonation, is the gingerbread of twisted notes and exaggerated phrasing Miss O'Day has added, wholly unnecessarily, to the husky, calling-from-the-rooftops voice she still has. A case, fortunately, of too much zeal.
Frankie. Columbia CL-606, $3.95.	Twelve generally sluggish reissues from Columbia's vaults that were recorded (the notes do not say) during the forties before Sinatra left Columbia for the apparently greener fields of Capitol. The backrounds are provided on ten of them by Alex Stordahl, and on only three selections ("Sposin'" "Nancy" "All of Me") does Sinatra, who has always been a jazz-informed singer, show why he is still the best in the business.
Herb Geller Plays. EmArcy MG-26045. $3.	In company with Curtis Counce, Lorraine Geller, and Lawrence Marable, Geller, who is of the West Coast modernists, displays here an alto saxophone style that is facile, serious, and muscular. Geller has a great many notes in his pockets, too, and after the eight tunes are done, one's ears tend to ring and ring to a dying fall. Marable is an impressive new drummer, who eats, sleeps, and lives Max Roach, and does it well.
Herbie Harper Quartet and Quintet. Nocturne-NLP 7, $3.	Five selections by a quartet (Al Hendrickson, Harry Babasin, Roy Harte) and three by a quintet (Bud Shank, Marty Paich, Babasin, Harte) under the leadership of another of today's many accomplished young trombonists. Harper plays with more open warmth and verve than Brookmeyer, and the whole set, with arrangements and originals by Paich and John Grass, is a good example of the more airy, bicycling type of West Coast modern jazz.
Billie Holiday. Clef MG C-161, $3.98.	Lady Day has an unfortunate tendency these days to sing as though she were stuffed into a boiled shirt. Only occasionally on these eight familiar, Holiday-associated standards does her old warm heart-in-the-mouth sound come through between the archness and the bent syllables. She is accompanied tastefully enough by Oscar Peterson, Flip Phillips, Charlie Shavers, and two different rhythm sections.
Journey Into Love: With Louis Bellson, Buddy Baker, Juan Tizol, and Willie Smith. Norgran MG N-1007, $4.98.	An unlikely excursion into the woofy, candlelit world of mood music, which is, according to the notes, "the story of two young lovers . . . who see in each other the personification of true happiness." The ten tunes, which are deployed singingly by masses of woodwinds and strings, have been, variously, written, arranged, and conducted by Louis Bellson, the drummer, Pearl Bailey, his wife, and Buddy Baker.
The Colorful Music of Roger King Mozian. Clef MG C-166, $3.98.	An early album by a band which got started about a year and a half ago, and which is, to judge by what comes through here, a cross between light Stan Kenton and heavy Ray Anthony. The eight arrangements were done by Mozian, who also contributes two originals, and are notable for a relentless baritone saxophone and a brumping rhythm section. The leader, who is under thirty, is featured on trumpet.
Piano Stylings: With Johnny Guarnieri and Bernie Leighton. EmArcy MG 260-18, $3.	A misleadingly titled album with inaccurate notes, which consists of a side of innocuous Wilson-Tatum solos by Bernie Leighton (with Dave Tough, Trigger Alpert, Hy White), and a side featuring two pickup bands (B. Bigard, Flip Phillips, B. Clayton, J.C. Heard) wherein Guarnieri is given just one full chorus. As for the notes, on the second side, the trumpeter with Bigard is not Clayton but Joe Thomas, and the drummer, unmentioned, is Cozy Cole. A tapping of the leaner basements of the great Keynote museum of 1945-46.
Get Out of Town: With the Jack Sheldon Quartet. Jazz: West JWLP: 1, $3.	Jack Sheldon, a newcomer from the West Coast, is no more and no less than a peppy copy of Chet Baker. The results, carried along by piano bass, and drums are pleasantly pat, but with several hearings make one long for the comparative histrionics of an Eldridge, Braff, or Gillespie.
Meet Me Where They Play the Blues. With Jack Teagarden and His Orchestra. Period SPL 1106, $4.	Big Gate in six relaxed, skeletal, bluesy tunes that generally move, and that are chiefly distinguished by reliant Teagarden trombone and singing (on four numbers). The three different groups present include such old breadwinners an Ray Bauduc, Jo Jones, Jimmy McPartland, Ed Hall, Walter Page, Dick Cary and Leonard Feather, who also directed the date.
Dinah Jams With Dinah Washington. EmArcy MG 36000, $4.85.	A generous showcase for Dinah Washington's voice, which was a mere slip of a thing ten years ago in comparision with the veritable brass foundry she now affects. The eight tunes included were recorded at either a concert or well-attended studio session, with six being given over partially or wholly to Miss W. When she is not in sway, a boisterous gang (Maynard Ferguson, Clifford Brown, Clark Terry, Max Roach, Herb Geller) works unevenly but steadily. High point is the amazing finale of "Lover Come Back to Me," where Miss Washington blends her lungs with the horns in a fashion that would tremble Mt. Everest. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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WEST COAST REPORT

S.F.'S NEW BATON

TO SAN FRANCISCANS music is as integral a part of the good life as cable cars, fine cuisine, and the chaste sinews of the Golden Gate Bridge. This being so, the initial season of Enrique Jorda as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has been marked not only by the mutual adjustment such a period inevitably imposes on men and maestro, but by the sober scrutiny of several thousand seasoned symphony-goers long conditioned by the Gallic baton of Pierre Monteux.

The symphony board of governors did not rush the matter of hiring a successor to Monteux, who retired from the San Francisco podium after a quarter century at the end of the 1951-52 season. Jorda's appointment last September was the culmination of a two-year exploratory period which the board, with a nice alliterative bent, designated as "the season of discovery and the season of decision." As one of a half-dozen conductors thus "discovered," the forty-three-year-old director of the Capetown (South Africa) Symphony had previously been heard in this country only through a few items recorded for London. As the hour of decision struck, however, Jorda proved the choice of two-thirds of the symphony subscribers, and thus would appear to have undertaken his new assignment with a secure margin of approval.

It is of course much too early to tell how successfully he will continue to consolidate this initial popularity, but among the several factors in his favor are his relative youth, which argues a potential for development that time alone must confirm, and a penchant for understatement that agreeably pares his readings of the dramatic excesses indulged by more than one seasoned colleague. Understatement, to be sure, can be carried to such lengths that the result becomes characterless, and there were moments during his conducting of the season's ninth subscription concert in San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House when I would gladly have seen him exchange some of this gentlemanly reserve for a more incisive, more inspiriting address to the podium.

This absence of elan, which caused the Mozart "Serenata Notturna" (K. 239) to sound discreet but lusterless, and the suite from Richard Strauss's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" tidy but without wit, was uncomfortably contrasted in the Brahms Second Piano Concerto by the aggressively chiseled keyboard passages of Leon Fleisher. The B-flat concerto has long been one of this excellent young pianist's favorite staples, but on this occasion any warmth of feeling for it was carefully concealed beneath the glassy surface of a performance technically brilliant but emotionally empty. Jorda's cautious, small-scaled approach, badly overbalanced by Fleisher's large-framed pianism, did little to bolster the performance.

Some of the clarity and succinctness that essentialize the French esthetic remain with the orchestra as Monteux's Gallic legacy, but the colors are less defined by Jorda, the phrasing less explicit, and while this is not without a kind of wan loveliness, the orchestral texture has become not so much lucent as bodiless. This may, of course, simply be the natural reaction of one long conditioned by the high-volume level of the Los Angeles ensemble, but whereas the effect there is that of weight without detail, Jorda seems concerned with detail at the expense of tonal weight.

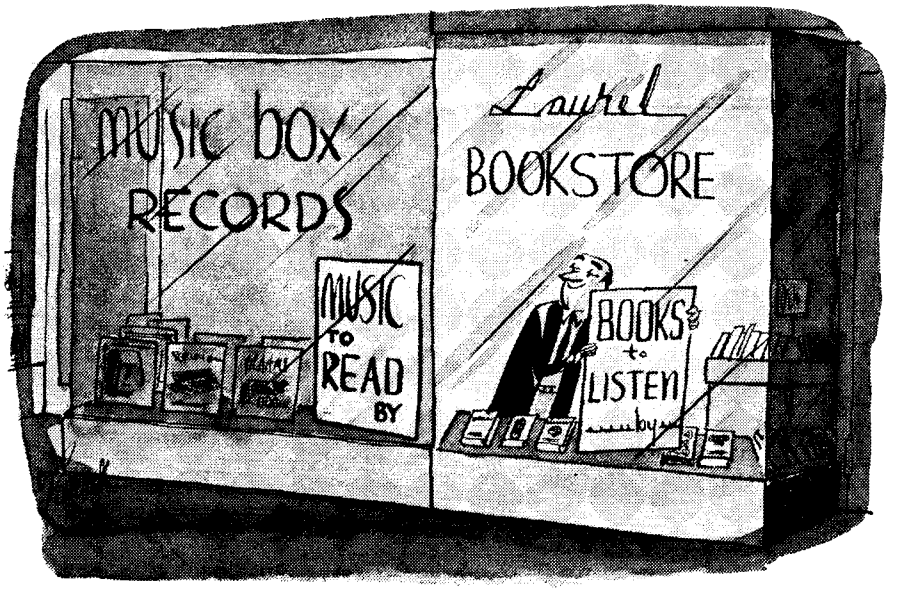
IN LOS ANGELES recently hi-fi's transition from a fad to a fixture of today's living pattern was signalized by the Third Annual Audio Fair, which commandeered six floors of the Alexandria Hotel to house an exhibit that was confined this year to the manufacturers of audio components.

While a ten-foot aluminum robot greeted some 25,000 visitors on behalf of the sponsoring Audio Components Distributors Association, more than ninety exhibitors showcased the latest developments in the field of sound. Among the more salient features were Fairchild's new fifty-watt amplifier and balanced-bar preamplifier, closely crowded for honors by H. H. Scott's new seventy-watt laboratory amplifier. McIntosh boasted a newly designed precision thirty-watt amplifier and preamplifier, while the Harmon-Kardon tuner-amplifier components and the high-styled National tuners, amplifiers, and preamplifiers were further signal additions.

Both Fisher and Scott have aroused considerable enthusiasm among audiophiles this year by producing FM tuners of greatly improved sensitivity, while Bell has augmented its own line with attractively matched tuner and amplifier units.

Record collectors with absolute pitch should rejoice at the new stroboscopic turntable designed by Scott, which featured a precision helical gear drive and a built-in expanded scale optical stroboscope for exact speed control. Another notable turntable development was the new Rek-o-Kut Rondine line, with Thorens, Garrard, and Audiogersh also offering new advances in automatic record-changers. Among pickups, Fairchild and Pickering featured improved new cartridges, while in the speaker category Jim Lansing's new Hartsfield shared interest with the Electro-Voice, Altec-Lansing and Stephens lines. Latest advances in tape recorders of professional quality were the new Berlant Broadcast record, the re-designed Concertone, and Ampex's new portable.

—MILDRED NORTON.



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Sound and Style

Continued from page 32

fully toned down but is still not capable of adapting itself to the delicacy and refinement of this music. Mr. Fuller has excellent diction and is by no means an incompetent singer, but one cannot help recalling the exquisite subtlety with which Alfred Deller (whose recordings are apparently unavailable in this country) has interpreted some of these same songs.

According to the record sleeve, José de Azpiazu has used the lute "in spite of its shortcomings as a musical instrument" to accompany the songs, "in an attempt to recreate an accurate atmosphere." That he does not succeed is due not to any shortcomings of the lute, but to the fact that he plays it like a guitar. The lute, with its extremely broad fingerboard and its eleven or more strings arranged in pairs to be sounded simultaneously, is an extremely difficult instrument to play. Expert lutenists were rare even in the golden age of the instrument—which accounts for the international reputation of virtuosos like John Dowland. Today there are probably not more than two or three people capable of doing justice to a moderately difficult piece of the seventeenth century lute music. Mr. Azpiazu, who is a good guitarist, plays the solo lute pieces on the guitar "because of the richer sonority it gives to this music," says the record sleeve, but one suspects other reasons. These renditions cannot, of course, transmit the intended sonorities; they must be regarded as adaptations. As such, however, they are quite successful, and it is worth while to become acquainted with some of the music that contributed to Dowland's fame, such as his chromatic fantasy "Forlorn Hope" and "My Lady Hunsdon's puffe."

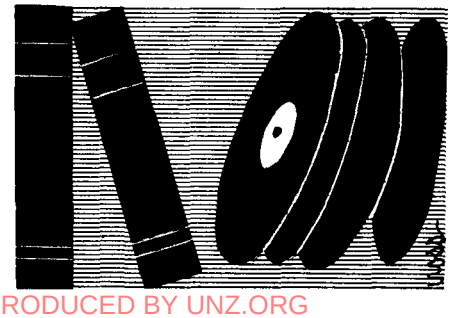
FACETS OF FASSETT: In nearly a quarter-century of New York Philharmonic-Symphony Sunday broadcasts, few programmed compositions stimulated more attentive listening than the three tonal *divertissements* collectively entitled "Strange to Your Ears," which commentator Jim Fassett devised as novelty intermission features last year. Presented with deceptive simplicity as curious trophies of a safari into the wilds of "The Fabulous World of Sound," they were not only fascinating earticklers in their own right, but served better than any technical lecture or textbook to introduce laymen to both the miraculous powers of modern tape recording and the ageless mysteries of human hearing.

Yet, by their very originality, the ephemeral nature of all broadcasts, and the shortness of aural memory, these extraordinary sound-studies must have left a somewhat confused impression in many listeners' minds. For myself, I remembered clearly only the thunderous magnification of a pin-drop, the quasi-Japanese effect of reversed speech, and some uncannily weird wailing derived—against all the normal evidence of one's ears—from the everyday treble chirping of canaries. And apparently I was far from alone in hoping to hear again both the singular sound effects and the illuminatingly illustrated explanation of their derivations: lively audiophile gossip and Fassett's own heavy correspondence testify that it is by genuine popular demand Columbia now issues the "Strange to Your Ears" series in recorded form (ML-4938, $4.98).

One-and-a-half sides of the LP version are devoted to the demonstrations and explanations substantially as they were presented in the CBS broadcasts, and in re-hearing they seem even more arresting than I had remembered them. Moreover, while my memory was accurate enough as far as it went, it proved to have held only a fraction of the actual contents. I had forgotten the vivid contrasts between pure and complex tones, the upsidedown duet of flute and tuba (one lowered and the other raised a full three octaves in pitch), and the backward performance of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on the piano—which in reversed-tape reproduction again becomes recognizable as a tune, but now sounds as if it were played on a harmonium! Also the metamorphoses of a triangle tinkle into a great bell peal, a dripping faucet into a pile-driver, and Jim Fassett's own pleasant voice first into a film-cartoon's *sopranino* yaketty-yak and then into a *basso* more subterraneanly *profundo* than even the composer of "Tief im Keller" ever hoped for.

Side two begins with the remembered canaries, but proves that in holding fast to the eerie "wailing" my mind had let slip much of the detailed tone analyses and intermediary transformations to which Fassett, assisted by CBS tape-engineer Mortimer Goldberg, had subjected the original chirps and trills—including some bravura passages sung at the rate of no less than seventy-two notes a second, and an amusing duet between John Wummer's flute and the transposed voice of a anonymous canary virtuoso.

The last half of the second side introduces new material: some twenty examples of "strange" sounds, each of which is averred to be quite familiar in every household—that is, before its present disguise by various species of taping abracadabra. Here there are no explanations: the baffled listener must wait until after the first of April (an appropriately chosen date!) when an identification prize-contest closes. An entry blank for the contest accompanies every copy of the disc, but I wonder how many non-technically experienced and equipped record buyers will be able to dream up even wild guesses. Even with the aid of a two-speed tape recorder to augment the obvious pitch-changing method of spinning the 33-1/3-rpm disc at 78 rpm, I managed to come up with identifications of only about half of the examples.



In any case (sour grapes though it may be), the puzzle-contest aspect of this disc strikes me as far less noteworthy than the magic of its other strange sounds' gaining rather than losing interest by the very fact that their seemingly miraculous transmutations are so thoroughly explained and documented. For this is not merely a display of odd *audiana*, but as valuable a stimulant in alerting one's mind as it is to pricking up one's ears. The terms "sound-wave envelope shapes" and "transients" are never used here, but I know of no better non-technical clues to the nature of these phenomena themselves. As John M. Conley's informative annotations conclude, "Jim Fassett has crammed a surprising volume of sound-lore" into this recording, "yet no listener, absorbing it, will have the faintest resentment about being educated." Indeed no one who listens to it carefully and repeatedly, even if for sheer entertainment only, is likely to come away without sharpened insight into some of the fundamental principles of acoustics, to say nothing of many of the astonishing powers (and weaknesses) of his own faculties and modes of aural perception.

—R. D. Darrell.

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Poetry

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ripened and mellowed. The breadth and range of his awareness, his vigorous interest in the world about him, from atomic science to folklore, the originality of his expression, the sensuous phrase and metaphor which mark his poetry are all present in the new collection of lyrics—together with what has always been a dominating force behind his work, the explicit and implicit testimony of a fervent and abiding religious faith.

Mr. Sullivan sets forth his own faith proudly and plainly in such ringing affirmative statements as his "Credo" and "For Those Who Confound You"; and humbly in the long, Biblically-cadenced title poem, which for all its sweep of phrase is less moving to me than many of the more concise and vivid poems on the subject of man and his relationship to his God. In some of the longer poems the poet's wealth of imagery and his love of alliteration sometimes tend to verbosity; for all his craftsmanship and discipline he still, as in his early work, occasionally seems to find it difficult to discard a variation or a metaphor or an alternate. I find many of the less ambitious lyrics more profoundly eloquent.

"Psalms of the Prodigal and Other Poems" is the work of a poet of real stature and integrity; a poet who, in every sense of the phrase, has kept his Word with the Muse. —S. H. H.

FRESH LYRICS: A delightful experience awaits the reader of **"Dinosaurs and Violins"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $2.50), for Hy Sobiloff, a new poet, has an astonishing way with words. What compels attention in his extraordinary lyrics is that they read refreshingly new-born. They surprise by their wonder and delight by their surprise, and they end as good poems should on just the right note. Mr. Sobiloff's language is limpid, his images precise and clear, his esthetic as modern as an abstraction by a painter. A metaphysical poet, his vision is pure, and his achievements, if not always brilliant, are truly satisfying. He refuses to clutter his lines as he writes of landscape and city, men and women, childhood and things. He knows the nature of words and invests them with perception and feeling.

Mr. Sobiloff says in one poem, A man died and the whole town was diminished; in another, The moon disrobed a slender cloud; in a third, The parents take a piece of love to the park. This is writing of the first water. His lines approach the clarity of William Carlos Williams, but Mr. Sobiloff is always himself. Poems like "My Mother's Table," "Family Portrait," "Love Grows Love," and "The Feeling of Standing Still" deserve the attention of the modern anthologist.

Favored by Conrad Aiken's foreword, Mr. Sobiloff is off to a good start. There was no first book of poetry in 1954 quite as good as "Dinosaurs and Violins." —I. L. S.

NATURAL HISTORY AND POETRY: Ruthven Todd is a young Scottish poet, the author of three novels, critical studies of William Blake and Henry Fuseli, several detective stories, some children's books, and three volumes of poetry. **"A Mantelpiece of Shells"** (Grove Press, $3) is his first collection of poems to appear in America. He is, plainly, a man with a wide range of abilities and interests, not the least of these being a "loving devotion to natural history," for which he received last year a citation from the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

The poems which make up "A Mantelpiece of Shells" are notable for their quiet distinction, for their combination of wit and imagination with a disciplined restraint in technique. This difficult juxtaposition Mr. Todd manages with an urbane dexterity. His work has a high polish and a rather clipped austerity which cloaks but does not conceal the warmth of emotion beneath. An occasional professorial solemnity is counteracted by the twinkle in the poet's eye.

I find Mr. Todd's poetry stimulating and enormously interesting, for what it says directly and for a myriad undercurrents of implication and reference. If his audience in this country has not hitherto been wide, it is high time it should be. He is a poet of sensibility and vigor, and his book will reward the reader. —S. H. H.

Ruthven Todd—"sensibilty and vigor."

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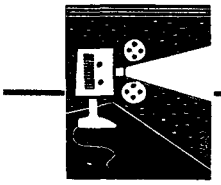


IDEAS ON FILM

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTIONS

MACHINES that think, factories with push-button efficiency, atomic energy as a new source of power—these are the subjects of today's industrial films. To the filmmakers falls the task of making motion pictures that re-create not only the form and function of these marvelous machines, but also the exciting importance of the giant strides of our scientific-industrial age.

A compelling picture of the new industrial world-to-come is presented in the Ford Motor Company's **"Technique for Tomorrow"** (23 min.), produced in collaboration with MPO Productions. Filmed at the new Ford plants in Brook Park, Ohio, the film offers "the dawn of a new day in industry," with incredibly complicated machines doing the back-breaking labor that until now has had to be done by men. Automation is the name of the new system, and the film doesn't even mention the word until it has fully shown what it means in terms of jobs to be done and men who must plan and control them. Neither startling nor statistical in its approach, it rises above mere mechanics and shows what the new machines mean to men, accepting automation with a realistic optimism which is well communicated to the audience.

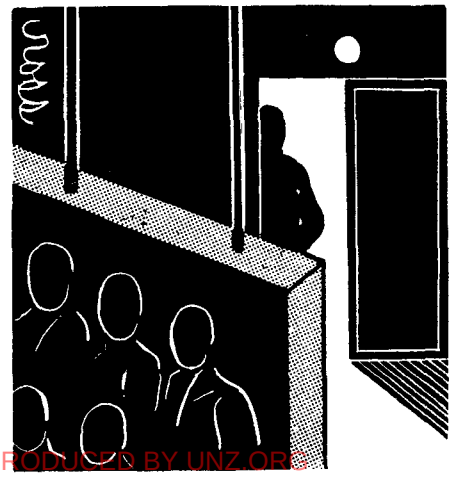
Further along these lines, but not so ambitiously presented on film, is the Admiral Corporation's **"Automation, or Automatic Production"** (13 min., color), produced by Atlas Films. It's an every-day how-we-do-it production, more or less limited in appeal to those specifically concerned with new manufacturing methods. Extraordinary simplifications in the basic wiring for television sets are shown, with these announced results: production up, prices down, more women hired.

Color but not excitement keynotes the Raphael G. Wolff production **"Piercing the Unknown"** (21 min., color), which demonstrates the rapid calculation and repetitive mathematical operations of the International Business Machine Corporation's Electronic Data Processing Machines. Some bright and fanciful animated sequences provide welcome relief to the monotone live photography explanation of the machine. But one can only wonder why the entire film was not as exciting and daring as its spectacular subject.

One way of putting life into modern industry films is through animation, as in the John Sutherland production **"A Is for Atom"** (General Electric). This was the first major effort to explain in non-technical terms the ABC's of atomic energy. To make an intelligent explanation of so complex a subject to an uninformed public in fifteen minutes is, first of all, a virtual impossibility. It was taken on by "Dr. Atom," who explains himself and his radioactive relatives with lively humor and color and as much conviction as a cartoon character can be expected to have. The film, in its way, has been considerably successful, having been seen by more people than all of GE's twenty-nine previous releases in this "Excursions in Science" series.

General Electric's **"The Atom Goes to Sea"** (12 min.), another John Sutherland production, uses animation to show the principles behind the new atomic submarine *Sea Wolf*. Live photography takes over for scenes of research activity and actual construction of the vessel. At an easy-going pace, the film tells an intrinsically fascinating story with competence.

Postscript on films about atomic energy: the pick of the crop is available free of charge from U.S. Atomic Energy Commission offices in New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Albuquerque, Grand Junction (Colo.), Hanford (Wash.), Idaho Falls (Idaho), Oak Ridge (Tenn.), Augusta (Ga.), and Schenectady (N.Y.). For a free listing of the twenty-odd films circulated by these offices, write the Public Information Service of the one nearest you—or write direct to AEC headquarters at 1901 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. —and ask for the free mimeographed film list. Included in this collection are the Atomic Physics series produced by the J. Arthur Rank Organization (and available for purchase here from United World Films, 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29, N. Y.); the Nuclear Physics series (produced by and also available from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois); and miscellaneous productions by Paramount News, Oak Ridge National Laboratory, the Christophers, the March of Time, Coronet Films, and North American Aviation. Space limitations prevent fuller reviews of the following industrial films, all of which are outstanding among recent releases. Inquiries addressed to this office will be forwarded to the distributor.



THE STORY OF LIGHT (10 min., color, General Electric). Man's struggle against darkness is superbly re-created in Joop Geesink's elaborate stop-motion puppetry. From cave man's torch to modern man's neon signs, each scene is elaborately staged and meticulously detailed. Original music conducted by Muir Mathieson, played by the London Symphony Orchestra. Produced in Holland by Trans-film-Dollywood.

AMERICAN FARMER (28 min., color, Ford). The sensitive story of a city boy who takes a summer job on a modern farm is clearly Ford's most beautiful film to date. It was directed by Sidney Meyers ("The Quiet One"), photographed by Peaslee Bond, whose outdoor color scenes are truly handsome. Narration by Joe March is blessedly brief and direct; script by Ralph Schoolman. An MPO production.

HIGHWAY BY THE SEA (15 min., color, Ford). An enjoyable, carefree tour along the U.S. Highway 101—once the Camino Real of Franciscan friars—takes us from southern California to upper Washington State. Oscar Brand's guitar and folksong narration says off-and-on that a highway is like a river—which is a nice thought even if it doesn't exactly hold water. Directed by Lee Bobker; produced by Dynamic Films.

LOOK WHO'S DRIVING (8 min., color animation, Aetna Life). This is UPA's wonderful way of showing how grown men and women often become wild impatient kiddies pushing down on the gas pedal and clanging the auto horn. An absolute "must" for all who drive or walk down city streets.

QUALITY IN PHOTOGRAPHIC LENSES (25 min., color, Eastman Kodak). The manufacture of precision lenses at Kodak's Hawk-Eye Works in Rochester is shown step-by-step, in truly fine color quality (as you might expect), and with some exciting visual material—shots, for example, of row upon row of automatic grinding and polishing machines at work.

* * *

NEW BOOK: "The Dollars and Sense of Business Films." (*Association of National Advertisers, 285 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.* 128 *pp.* $5.) Under the chairmanship of Eastman Kodak's John Flory, the ANA's Film Steering Committee has published the first factual presentation on production and distribution costs of business-sponsored films. Based on an analysis of 157 films, the report comes up with many quotable statistics: color films outnumber black-and-white nearly four-to-one; club and general public audiences were sought in 82 per cent of the cases (school audiences ranking higher with 89 per cent), lifespan of the films surveyed indicated that 41 per cent had been in circulation from two to five years, 16 per cent from five to sixteen years!

For the new sponsor, or one who is "just looking," the book contains particularly valuable data on cost—in terms of viewership, running time, number of prints circulated, age of films, and other pertinent viewpoints. An exciting list of recommendations for further research points to the need for re-examining present distribution in rural and educational fields, catering to audience needs, and compiling complete case histories of successful business films for the guidance of other sponsors. "The Dollars and Sense of Business Films" is attractively arranged and illustrated. More than that, it takes us out of the era of guesswork and introduces what has long been needed—a businesslike approach to business films.

—CECILE STARR.

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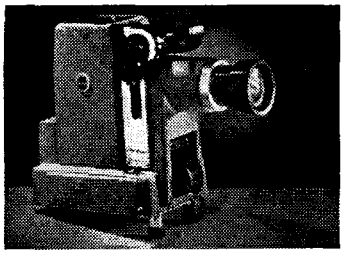

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AUTOS FOR AMIS

OF THE record number of Americans who will invade the Continent and the offshore islands commencing this spring, one in four will—during at least one leg of the trip—make use of a car. While bloated, chromeplated American vans will fill the narrow alleys of Arezzo and Pescara, Cordoba and Ascona, and the new models out of Detroit will pop an eyeball or two along the Promenade des Anglais, the man behind the wheel of many a pigmy Peugeot rumbling over a Roman cobble this summer will be a tourist fresh from Kalamazoo.

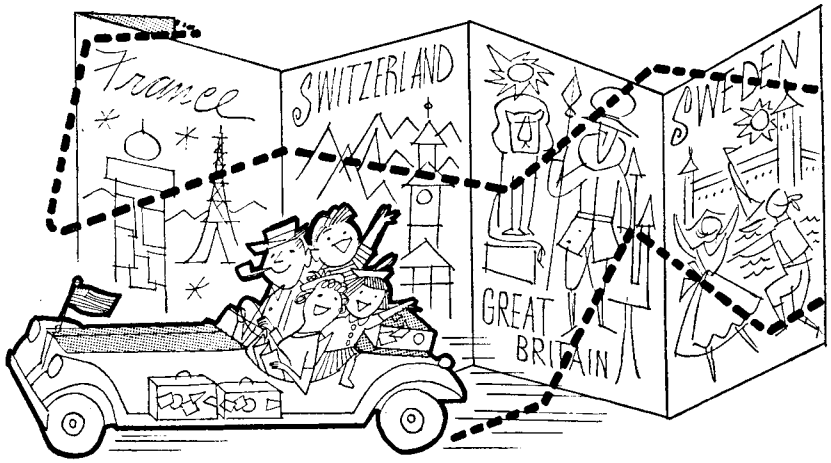
If the escorted tours and the guided missions picking their way through Pisa and the pizzas are carrying a record registry of first-timers, other Yankees, seasoned now and sophisticated in European ways, will be chugging off to see the land under their own steam. Bringing your own car to Europe in the hold of a ship has not fallen off in numbers, but buying or renting a car abroad is a booming business.

In many ways the car-rental systems of Europe have not yet reached the ideal stage perfected by Florida agencies such as Couture of Miami and San Juan, or National of Jacksonville and Daytona, which have your car at your hotel each day, require no deposits, charge nothing for leaving a car in another Florida city other than the one you started in. The advantages of doing Europe by car or train or plane could be argued until the rains come, the chief arguments being that cars afford stops at the traveler's discretion to take pictures, to sample an *auberge*, to meet the residents, to explore the sideroads, to manufacture one's own schedule. Commercial transport eliminates some of the fatigue, avoids personal responsibility, and it usually gets you there on time.

For those who will be part of the assault-waves storming the beaches within the warmer months to come, we have gathered all sorts of intelligence about cars abroad, and it goes like this: In renting a car which you will drive yourself, it will usually be necessary to leave a $200 to $300 deposit which will cover excess mileage over your original contract. Renaults, popularly known abroad as Quatre Chevaux, cost $36.40 a week plus four-and-a-half cents a kilometer above sixty kilometers a day. Renaults technically seat four, are more comfortable with three, and will do 100 kilometers on slightly more than two gallons. Volkswagens will be available inside Germany for $33 a week, including fifty miles of driving a day, gas extra.

U.S. 1954 Fords and Chevrolets costs $62.65 a week plus eight and a half cents a kilometer, and burn four gallons of gas every 100 kilometers. Deposits may be paid in dollars in the U.S. and will be repaid here, although payment for the use of French cars may be in francs in Paris in case anybody has a secret cache over there.

ANOTHER system is to buy a foreign car for delivery abroad with the understanding that the seller will repurchase it at the end of your trip. This scheme is said to have been originally devised by a Dutch dealer named Rudi Mol, a Volkswagen distributor, who called his system Tran-



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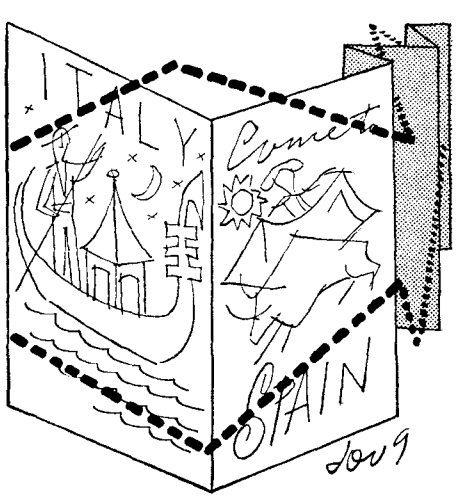
sol. Mol sold his Volkswagens, bought them back later with American dollars, paying the established market value as published in Dutch journals, less $65 as a handling charge. The plan was so successful that the French Government rearranged its currency controls to permit Citroen, Simca, and Renault to repurchase their own cars in dollars up to 75 per cent of the orginal purchase price. Taunus, the German Ford, is available on a repurchase plan through Swiss dealers. And the Rootes company has a new plan which may revolutionize the whole scheme. At any rate, that leaves only the Italians with their Fiats and Lancias and they don't seem interested.

The new Rootes system, as yet unannounced, will offer the American tourist a brand-new car with an international *carnet* issued in his name. However, instead of depositing the full purchase price of the car to be returnable later, the buyer will merely be charged a flat fee that will average about $400 for two months' use and $50 a month thereafter. You pay for your own gas but, unlike a rented car, there is no kilometer or mileage fee. In effect, the company puts up the purchase price for you.

Citroens, Simcas, Renaults, Volkswagens, and Rootes cars may be purchased through their own agents in the United States for delivery abroad or through local automobile clubs affiliated with the International Department of the AAA. British Fords and German Fords are available through the AAA, through any Ford dealer, or directly through Fine Cars, Inc., New York City. When you buy a foreign car here for delivery abroad you can figure on three weeks' delivery but you are reasonably sure of getting the color, model, and make you specify. The car is registered in your name and is available at big city centers (or at the dock for $45 extra). You get preliminary instructions, and a 1,000-mile free service



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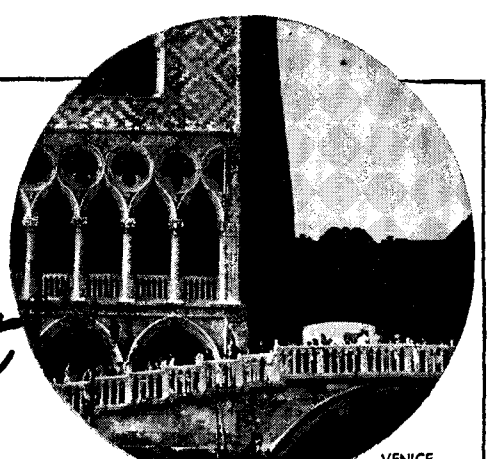
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Buying a car on a repurchase plan seems to make financial sense if you contemplate three months' usage or more. A rough depreciation table goes like this: one month, 20 per cent; two months, 25 per cent; three to six months, 25-30 per cent. You can add to the expense of a purchased car, however, about $55 for customs documents and another $60 for three months of insurance. These expenses are not incurred with a rented car.

THAT brings us to the dirty business of documents. An international driver's license will not be needed in France, Italy, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Monaco, Luxembourg, or Belgium. A state license issued at home will do. Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany require a license of their own. Switzerland will let you by on your state license for the first ninety days of your stay. The AAA recommends that you take out a U.S. International permit, which costs $1.50, since cops in the hinterlands of the countries that accept state licenses may never have heard of South Dakota. However, such a permit doesn't relieve you of the necessity of taking out separate licenses if you plan to wheel around Germany, Britain, or Ireland.

If you want to spend $7.50 you can take out an International Permit (1926), recognized and accepted all over. The 1926 refers to a motoring convention held that year governing the circulation of motor vehicles. The U.S. had observers on hand but would not sign the covenant because the issuance of licenses was then considered states' rights. Under the tenets of this convention a German could drive in France with his own license on his own plates, but an American in Paris had no such similar privileges.

In 1943 President Roosevelt called an inter-American convention, and in the interests of hemispheric solidarity the Federal Government assumed the right to sign for all the states. With this precedent in hand, the American delegates to the latest convention held in 1949 under the auspices of the U.N. signed for the United States, giving us the right to drive with our own licenses and plates in France, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia,

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Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, or Monaco, but not in Germany, the U.K., Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Denmark, or Norway. The demurrers have not ratified as yet and it is a question of time rather than orneriness. After all, it took nine months for the capital at Albany to advise the New York State Motor Vehicle Bureau that it should accept the foreign licenses of the signatories.

Now then, if you are not ready to throw up the whole idea in favor of taking the Blue Train, it should be added that licenses and plates only cover police regulations and have nothing to do with customs documents. You will still need a *carnet* or its equivalent, which is a bond insuring that you will not sell the car illegally, that is to say, beating the Government out of its cut. A dandy little package including the *carnet* (a bond posted for you), with International Permit, registration papers if required, and the services of a port agent if needed is all available from the AAA for $65. The association also requests a $50 deposit which it holds until you return the *carnet* properly stamped, indicating that you didn't sell the jalopy on the *marché noir*. It's sort of a bond for a bond.

If you have a special fondness for your own car, it can be shipped abroad at what I must consider a maximum of documentation and expense. The roundtrip fare for an American car is about $400. The *carnet* package with plates, port service, and such is $65. Marine insurance to cover marring, scratching, and damage by an occasional errant wave is $30. Auto insurance abroad for two months is $80. Over 6,000 car owners remain undaunted every year, many of them the same people each season. For travelers who have several in the family, who travel by ship, and plan to stay abroad more than six weeks, bringing your own car does pay, or so says the AAA. The initials AAA stand, of course, for American Automobilists Anonymous, a group which has in its day gone document-batty, and meets regularly now at Waterloo Station and the Gare du Nord, where members promise each other next time to take the train.

—Horace Sutton.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. D. H. Lawrence. 2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 3. Edith Sitwell. 4. Ezra Pound. 5. Robert Browning. 6. Edgar Lee Masters. 7. Edna St. Vincent Millay. 8. Richard Eberhart. 9. Countée Cullen. 10. Rudyard Kipling. 11. Dorothy Parker. 12. Marianne Moore. 13. Emily Dickinson. 14. E. E. Cummings. 15. Anne Bradstreet.

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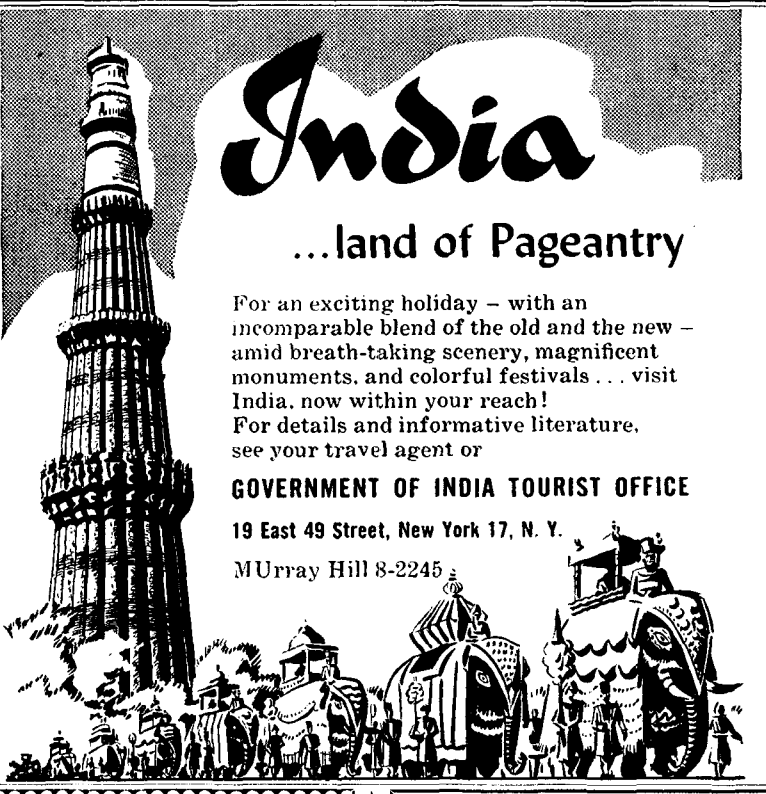

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

Dorado and the land of Cinnamon. Spices began Spanish discovery, and although they found much else spices still dominated their thoughts so that the fact that cinnamon was believed to exist in the jungles east of Quito was enough to set off the expedition. On March 11, 1541, Pizarro left Quito for the jungles; he went off with "more than 200 Spaniards, 100 horses, 2,000 trained hunting dogs, 4,000 Indians with their women, and over 2,000 pigs and set off for the "kingdom of gold." He was soon followed by another, who was to become the villain of the story, one Francisco Orellana the "blinkard" with his own company.

Disaster followed at once. There were no stone-laid Inca roads to follow, the jungle was relentless, horses, Indians, pigs died in droves, the cinnamon proved to be false, and the El Dorado was an *ignis fatuus*. Food, since the jungle provides nothing, became the one obsession and the Indians disputed their passage through the forest. They were in the Upper Amazon, where rivers rise with callous ease. Gonzalo Pizarro decided to build a boat. On the high banks of the Rio Coca, the shipwrights fashioned what they called a "brigatine" (actually it was not much larger than thirty feet with six to eight rowing thwarts). It had its advantages, the unwieldy arquebusses could be fired from it by the crossbowmen, who handle their murderous weapons with ease. Orellana, who was an experienced leader, was put in charge. It was loaded with sixty men, and sent down in advance of the land party, led by Pizarro. They were to search for food and rendezvous at a selected spot. Once in full stream the ship was caught up by the current, wafted along at a pace which drew them rapidly away from Pizarro. Then a meeting was held, a memorial presented to Orellana by the "sixty," and the craft sailed down the river, leaving Pizarro to his fate in the jungles.

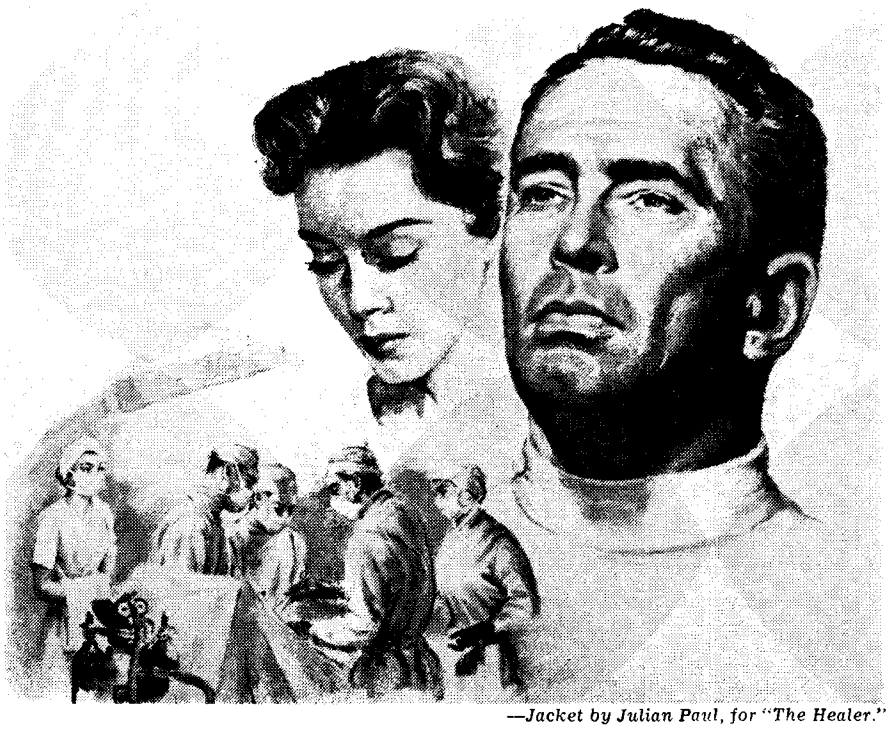
George Millar tells this story in the first person through Francisco Isasage, whom he makes crossbowman and scrivener to Orellana. It reads well, at times excitingly, and for one who has not seen the Amazon, accurately. His free use of the footnotes detracts, to be sure, from the feeling of immediacy and participation that a narrative in the first-person singular should give, and he is forced to tell the fate of Pizarro, who was left on the jungle banks of the upper Amazon ("Pizarro's expedition was a disaster of such magnitude that none like it in America could be recalled") in an appendix which does neatly wrap up one of the most incredible explorations ever undertaken in the Americas.

Notes

SCALPEL VIRTUOSITY: What happens when an eminent surgeon loses a patient during a brain operation, and is sued for malpractice by a conniving rascal? And—when the only person who can verify the surgeon's innocence, one Laura Jordan, R.N., is a victim of amnesia? Well, this *is* a problem, isn't it? But in Frank G. Slaughter's **"The Healer"** (Doubleday, $3.95), there is nothing that a little brain surgery won't solve, and Dr. Don Carter didn't acquire his skill at trepanning for nothing. As a matter of fact, Dr. Carter is such a virtuoso of the scalpel that no organ, from skull to spleen is a stranger to his ministrations. It is only in his love life that Carter is a chump. He allows his sulky wife, Kathi, to live a life of sin with her lover, Raul (*sic*) Pareili, while he himself is bemused by Miriam Lambert, who just happens to be "one of the seven richest women in America." Medical science finally solves all.

Readers of the author's biblical epics may be somewhat surprised at the brittle style of "The Healer"—but Dr. Slaughter seems to be as various with his typewriter as Dr. Carter is with his knife. And he certainly comes to medical fiction not as a stranger. Anyhow, there is just about everything in his ether-pervaded pages that a surgery buff could desire. If you have found it inconvenient to attend a hospital amphitheatre lately, "The Healer" has enough blood and gauze to hold you for a while.

—Martin Levin.



—Jacket by Julian Paul, for "The Healer."

". . . only in his love life is Carter a chump."

TRANSATLANTIC MATCH: **"The Strongbox,"** a novel of international adventure by Howard Swiggett (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), moves along at a fast clip, sometimes conveying the kind of excitement one gets from watching a good broken-field runner twisting his way to a long touchdown. Like the footballer's achievement, "The Strongbox" certainly isn't art, but it displays skill and agility.

Dick Deering, its hero, might indeed have been a star Ivy League half-back fifteen years ago; but as the book opens, he's busy bucking the line for big business, attempting to arrange a European merger for his firm. A cablegram, however, calls him to the sidelines (London), where his old coach, a great humanitarian and entrepreneur named Wiley, has died suddenly of a stroke. Deering soon discovers that his mentor has been guilty of "fixing a game" with the Communist team several years earlier, public knowledge of which might destroy a deservedly fine reputation. Deeply loyal, and convinced Wylie acted from honorable motives, Deering sets out to save the situation. In this task he is aided by two beautiful, talented women, both of whom had loved Wylie, and both of whom seem ready to transfer their affec-

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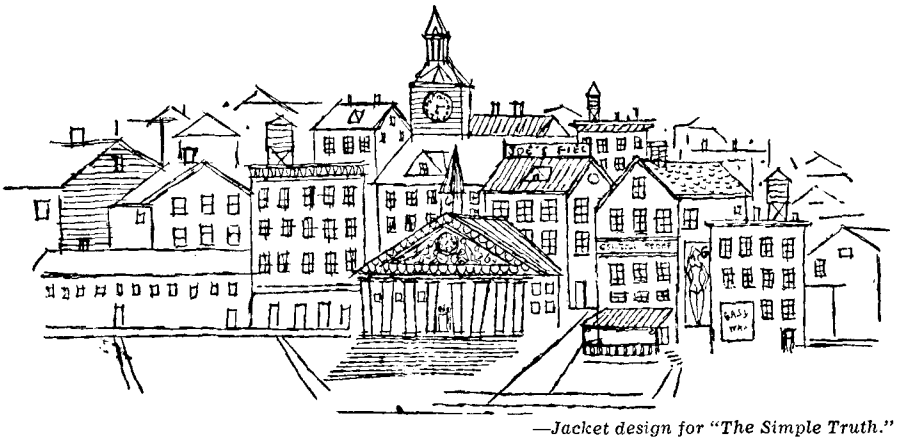

—Jacket design for "The Simple Truth."

". . . violent death in a small Iowa university town."

tions to Deering himself. Things are nip-and-tuck all the way, but all ends well, the Right Girl happily enfolded in Deering's capable and reassuring arms.

Mr. Swiggett writes with the casual, careless facility of a man who's been at the business for quite a while, and one gets the impression that he didn't attempt, in "The Strongbox," more than what he accomplished: neatly-plotted story of the slick variety, easily read, soon forgotten.

—Jerome Stone.

TRIAL FOR THREE: Elizabeth Hardwick's **"The Simple Truth"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is set in a small university town in Iowa, where a pretty girl has suffered violent death in the room of, and perhaps at the hands of, a boy who professed to love her.

Inexplicably absorbed in the ensuing murder trial are a rather vapid, relentlessly friendly young man and the shy, intense wife of a chemistry professor, who are at first strangers to each other as well as to the object of their excessive concern. Both want to believe the boy innocent, the man because he sympathetically identifies himself with anyone in distress, the woman because she projects her own feelings of alienation and loneliness onto the forlorn figure in the prisoner's box.

These two assume the leading roles, and the trial quickly becomes a mere abstract bone for their contention, which they worry back and forth for the length of the book. Their responses to the affair are, though partially at variance with each other, nonetheless simple, immediate, and unchanging, and since they do not act upon each other, nor are acted upon by the progress of events, the story contains little development of any kind, but simple a reiteration of its original elements.

Miss Hardwick's characters express themselves, or are expressed by her, in a strangely stilted and mannered rhetoric which makes them appear more profound and complex than they are, and which seems to hint at metaphysical mysteries which are neither stated nor resolved by the novel.

On the other hand, many of the scenes she sets are strikingly effective, physical details and psychic ambiance being conveyed in finely-shaded language which reflects subtle and exact observation. But once the drama itself is in motion, its failure to vitalize the ambiguities with which it purports to deal becomes disappointingly evident. —J. S.

THE POLDARK SAGA (Cont'd): Across the craggy landscape races Ross Poldark —Cornwall's answer to Rhett Butler— with a covey of excisemen in hot pursuit. Musketry crackles, shillelaghs thump, penal servitude looms, and a grim future faces the master of Nampara House. Even should Ross elude the revenue agents, the bankruptcy of his ailing copper mine and the loss of his wife's affections are likely possibilities. Such unpleasant prospects form the framework of **"The Last Gamble"** (Doubleday, $3.95), Winston Graham's third instalment dealing with the Poldarks of eighteenth-century Cornwall.

Well, if you think that Ross's troubles will finally prove too much for him, you just don't know much about the Poldarks, or about historical novels either. It would take more than bad investments to ruin the hero of the Poldark saga. And even though he may lose his head momentarily over his cousin's wife ("Don't, Ross. You're hurting me."), the marriage ties between Ross and his Demelza are strong enough to last several more sequels. Mr. Graham engineers the adventures of the Poldarks in a manner that hangs on to the reader's interest, and he manages to keep about four plots constantly simmering without abandoning a pleasantly leisurely style. —M. L.

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The Return of D. H. Lawrence

Continued from page 13

of British law sufficiently uncomfortable to suppress some of Lawrence's work under the excuse of a supposed obscenity. And despite Lawrence's brilliant explanation—in his essay "A Propos of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'"—as to the cleanness of this novel, it has no legal existence, except in bowdlerized editions, in Anglo-Saxon countries where authentically dirty literature flourishes.

LEGAL hypocrisies such as these account for some of Lawrence's dislike of civilization, though no matter how much he loathed and avoided the society of cities he never turned against life itself. "Once be disillusioned with the man-made world," he wrote in 1926, "and you see the magic, the beauty, the delicate realness of all the other life." When thwarted in his attempts to locate these qualities Lawrence could fly into spectacular rages. Because these momentary blow-ups make for more sensational reading in memoirs and biographies than notations of his hours of gentle friendliness or of his vigorous industry that produced so many full-bodied books before his death at forty-four, the impression has persisted that Lawrence wrote in anger. But his writings, charged with his acceptance of life in the face of every disappointment, are not those of a hater but a lover. And in his most vehement sincerity he is never very far away from fun, and even his autobiographical characters often appear in a humorous light.

Lawrence was without self-pity: the most miserably placed of his characters, the Paul Morel who in "Sons and Lovers" relives many of the wretched experiences of Lawrence's own youth, never cries out against circumstance. What little bitterness occurs in Lawrence's work is in the "Pansies" and "Nettles" verses written toward the end of his life, and many of these are affirmative or merely humorous. It should be remembered that, during those same years, Lawrence wrote his remarkable prose novel "The Escaped Cock," and the poems "Bavarian Gentians" and "The Ship of Death," all of these among his finest work. But if his writings disprove the canard that he was humorless and bitter, they also show the untruth of statements to the effect that he had no mind, that he was an uneducated man incapable of citizenship in the world of ideas, or that his advocacy of "blood-knowledge" made him an "anti-intellectual." His essays such as those on pornography, on American literature, and on the relations between men and women show how skilfully he could handle ideas—and if these essays here and there sprout idiosyncrasies that vex the reader, at least they discourage him from drowsing.

But Lawrence's work cannot be discussed, even briefly, without tangible presentation of at least a little of it. As a specimen of Lawrence's writing, consider part of "Mercury," a travel sketch of a visit to the Mercuriusberg above the Black Forest. On this hill where the Romans had placed a votive statue to the god an abrupt violent thunderstorm frightens a group of tourists and kills two of the funicular attendants. As the people huddle together on the veranda of the restaurant in the storm-darkness, "suddenly the lightning dances white on the floor, dances and shakes upon the ground, up and down, and lights up the white striding of a man, lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels. He seems to be hurrying, this fiery man whose upper half is invisible, and at his naked heels white little flames seem to flutter." This Blakean figure crossing from darkness to darkness, this Mercury of fire, gives us a small sample of Lawrence's ability to create and set an image in motion, to project symbols, and to penetrate beneath the skin of experience. Even this tiny fragment of his writing (with "the continual, slightly modified repetition" he noted as characteristic of his prose) suggests some of the magic of all the rest of it, including not only the bright travelogues that take us across our world, but also the portraits—with their pictorial animation and inward intensity—of birds, beasts, and flowers. And this writing gives us the people of Lawrence's stories, the colliery and farm families of "Sons and Lovers" and the earthbound and upward-looking Brangwens of "The Rainbow" who, in its sequel "Women in Love," contend with industrialists and intellectuals in episodes of great dramatic and symbolic force. These are not stock "characters," but men and women caught up in a larger life in which the "interrelatedness of all things flows and changes and trembles like a stream."

Most good modern writers make full and deep demands upon our sensibility and our intelligence. That Lawrence made such a demand, critics and public have in the main been slow to recognize. He was once read for the wrong reasons, when the innocent sexuality of his work was a nine-day's sensation, and then he was forgotten for a time. A dawning understanding of what Lawrence said and an appreciation of the way in which he said it have at last brought about his return from the shadows.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 612

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 612 will be found in the next issue.

KPXZ HSLZ GKPW GKSQ

OKSBZOG, OAZPR DZOO

GKPW GKSQ RWSBZOG.

GKZ CPLE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 611

Busy souls have no time to be busybodies.

—Anonymous.

LAWRENCE IN PRINT

"Sons and Lovers." Harper & Bros., Modern Classics edition, 95¢. Random House, Modern Library edition, $1.45. New American Library, paperbound, 35¢.

"The Rainbow," Random House, Modern Library edition, $1.45.

"Women in Love," Random House, Modern Library edition, $1.45.

"Studies in Classic American Literature," Doubleday and Company, Anchor edition, paperbound, 65¢.

"The Plumed Serpent," Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., $3.75.

"The Man Who Died," New Directions, $1.75.

"Pornography and Obscenity," Alicat Bookshop Press, $1.

"Selected Poems," New Directions, $1.75.

"Sex, Literature, and Censorship," Twayne Publishers, $3.

"Lady Chatterly's Lover" (expurgated), New American Library, 35¢.

"The Later D. H. Lawrence," edited by William Y. Tindall, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., $5.

"The Portable D. H. Lawrence," edited by Diana Trilling, Viking Press, $2.50.

"The Lovely Lady," New American Library, 25¢.

"Little Novels of Sicily," by Giovanni Verga, translated by D. H. Lawrence, Grove Press, $3.

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Votes, Wizards, Roads and Bread

Continued from page 12

India had by then the largest irrigated area in the world and a railway system ten times the length of China's.

Something more important than this material progress was going on at the same time. A French traveler who was in India from 1831 to 1833, Victor Jacquemont, a man with a lively enquiring mind, often a sharp critic of the English, a radical in French politics, wrote: "Some officials desire the Government to apply itself to the task of elevating a polished literate educated class . . . They say openly that English supremacy in Asia cannot be eternal, and that it is a duty to humanity to prepare India to govern herself . . . If I thought that English schools would hasten the end of English power, I would certainly close them, for I have a deep-rooted conviction that no national government would secure the inhabitants the benefits they owe to English government—peace, both external and internal and equal justice for all." And here is what one of those officials said, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay in 1823: "If we endeavor to depress the natives, by denying them education, our empire, being unconnected with the people, will be overturned either by foreign conquest or by revolt. It is better for our honor and our interest, as well as for the welfare of mankind, that we should resign our power into the hands of the people for whose benefit it is entrusted." The Government in India agreed with their officials, not with Jacquemont, and steady progress was made in education and in putting power into Indian hands. The first grant from public funds for education was made in India thirteen years before such a grant was made in England. In 1849, in one province out of nine, over 45,000 judicial cases were tried in the first instance by Indian judges, only twenty by British; appeals, however, still lay to British judges. Police officers, collectors of land revenue, magistrates were Indian and slowly—too slowly I think—the highest posts of all were also being opened to Indians.

But there is another side to this. Napoleon, who should know, said that in war the moral is to the material as three to one; in peace, the proportion certainly ought to be higher. Material progress and a respite from the anxiety of war create the right conditions for a critical inquiring spirit. And India had had a long spell of peace, during which education in Western ideas, in the literature of revolt, had built up a spirit impatient of control—just as the wisest of her English rulers had expected. No one likes being ruled by other people. Everyone wants a change sometimes. And a change was needed. By the twentieth century India was beginning to outgrow the colonial system and required quite different treatment; the long restful holiday had done its work and now the time had come for massages, tonics, and stimulants. This is no century for benevolent, aloof foreign administrators, deeply considerate for sectional interests and reluctant to tread on anyone's toes; India now needed rulers of her own people who would be ruthless with the deepest evils, caste and child marriage, who would complete the process of jostling her out of her long sleep. But if we in England had at this stage—say in 1909—applied to India the lessons of the Potomac in 1774, she would have tottered on her legs like an invalid newly risen from his bed. "Suppose we attained . . . self-government, would that, without purging our many social diseases, convert us into a united Indian nation?" asked Pandit Moti Lal Nehru, father of the present Prime Minister, in 1909. English and Indian alike agreed in those days that there must be some transitional stage.

BUT that stage did not work out in practice as either had imagined. The

English, in the successive reforms of 1909, 1919, and 1937, saw themselves handing over power gradually, and benignly imparting instruction to someone willing to learn. They pictured themselves giving Junior his first lesson in driving an automobile. "This is the way, my little man," they had thought of themselves as saying. "You steer, but I keep one hand on the wheel. And I keep hold of the brake and the throttle." But few Indians saw it that way, and the upshot was a struggle for the wheel, wild zig-zags to and fro across the road. It was, however, a struggle that developed muscles, courage, and determination; India became a nation and the English, who had cast themselves for the part of the kindly, bumbling uncle found that Divine Providence had altered the script and given them instead the less rewarding role of a moral mustard-plaster—useful because it provokes a sharp reaction.

India went through her colonial period, got her roads, canals, railways, judges, doctors, and her incomparable army. And it is worth remembering that the struggle, even at its height, was an oddly family affair, in which individual Englishmen and Indians remained friends — even when one had sent the other to jail. In the Second World War India, without conscription, formed an army of over 2,500,000 Indians, I believe the largest voluntary army ever raised in the world's history. Men do not volunteer to fight for a rule in which they see nothing good. And to 350,000,000 Indians there were never more than 5,000 British administrators; the normal strength of British troops was 45,000. So little force was needed because most Indians acquiesced in a rule they did not find intolerable.

In 1947 some 750 English left the top grade of India's civil service, leaving 540 Indians to carry on. The grade below, who supplied all but the highest posts, both judicial and administrative, numbered between six and seven thousand and were all Indian born. The material to run the country was there, ready trained. And India had been irritated and inflamed by foreign domination into a thoroughly healthy reaction, stung back into reluctant life. She is now a nation—and a nation on the whole friendly to the West. There are more civilian Englishmen there today, in business or as advisers, than ever there were in the days of British rule. Any Englishman today is sure of a friendly welcome in Delhi; more friendly if he belonged to the old service. And how does India stand in the world today beside China, a peo-

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ple as ancient, as intelligent, more numerous, a people who did not come the colonial way? Which is the better governed? Is colonialism always an evil or can it sometimes be like going to school—a process any high-spirited boy resents but one he comes later on to know was for his good?

ON THE West Coast of Africa, as in India, it is all a question of timing. Keep the boy at school too long and he loses heart; let him leave too soon and he is spoilt, because he has won the key to the front door too easily. If India really gained stature by having to struggle for her nationhood, it may be that the pressure was relaxed too soon for the Gold Coast. Or it may be better to give in good time. I cannot speak of the West Coast with first-hand knowledge and I frankly do not know; all the same, my guess is that the Gold Coast or Sierra Leone will both stand comparison with Liberia—which, again, did not come the colonial way.

The lesson of the Potomac is to give self-government quickly to the man on the spot. But how do you apply that lesson on the Zambesi? Who gets the vote? Europeans only? Those who don't believe in witches? Or everybody? And if everybody, who is going to build the roads and man the machines? Will Europeans stay as so small a minority—one to twelve in Southern Rhodesia, one to a hundred in the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland? We all agree that the transition has to be made; colonial rule, like father's rule, is something everyone grows out of. While it lasts it is a trust; prolonged beyond the right date it becomes a dreary and soulless frustration. But the timing, difficult enough where there are no resident Europeans, is far more complex where there are.

My own belief is that in Africa colonialism has still a job to do. People of Caucasian stock will be needed for some time to come to bring out the best in the African, to help him to get the best from himself. They will be needed as something to measure up against; sometimes perhaps they will be an irritant, an obstacle, and a stimulus; sometimes they will be friends, counselors, and advisers. In each territory Africans will have to win their nationhood on different terms; where there are Europeans, one may hope it will be in partnership with their brains, energy, capital, and experience. Of only two things can one be certain: the path from colonialism to whatever takes its place will be hard, and the task of the colonial power is by no means one to be envied.

It is much more complicated on the Zambesi. I talked last month to a Yao chief in Nyasaland who himself took part only fifty years ago in raids on neighboring tribes to get slaves. The Yao would swoop down, take the cattle and as many human beings as they could, burn the village. The slaves, and any ivory they had saved up, they would trade for guns and cloth with Arabs who came from the East Coast. Businessmen can usually be relied on to take care of their stock so long as it does not consist of human beings. But the slave trade seems to demand a shell of callous brutality that overpowers greed; on the journey from Central Africa to the Coast the Arabs spilt human life as recklessly as Spanish, English, and American slavers spilt it in the Atlantic. The slave trade was altogether evil.

The big game of Central Africa falls into two great divisions, the eaters of flesh and the eaters of grass; there is a similar division among the tribes. The Matabele, the Lozi, the Bemba, the Yao, the Angoni lived a hundred years ago by raids, by taking slaves and cattle annually from the eaters of grass. For these latter the utter disaster of a raid was never far away; for all the tribes famine was always close; all—though in varying degrees—went in fear of witchcraft and its consequences. And there are still witches. "No one here believes that there is such a thing as natural death," a native commissioner in Mashonaland told me last month. Every death is due to witchcraft but today it is forbidden to smell out a witch, to inquire into every sickness or accident by an orgy of divination from which in the past torture usually followed—torture, death, and still more agonizing fear.

Slavery is beaten; against witchcraft we are winning; disease and famine have suffered sharp reverses. In Southern Rhodesia today, those Africans who follow the advice of the Native Affairs Department get on an average five times as many bags of maize to the acre as they used to; their average—but whisper this—is higher than on some European-owned farms; their best is twenty-eight bags to an acre compared with an average on unimproved African holdings of one and a half bags.

But it is uphill work. In Northern Rhodesia, an agricultural expert told

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CASE OF THE GLAMOROUS GHOST *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.75)	46th Perry Mason yarn finds old master still tangling with tough cops, pompous DA, shifty clients.	Now-you-see-it-now-you-don't technique; court scenes not up to usual.	Not tops, but he's still ESG.
THE PAWNS OF FEAR *Jason Manor* (Viking: $2.75)	Gentle Pvt. Eye Summers collides with Red anti-Reds; FBI lends hand.	Cast limited and authentic; pace fast when let; high IQ.	Nice going.
THE DREAM WALKER *Charlotte Armstrong* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	NY actress flies to Colo., Cal., D.C., Me., as plotters smear park-bench VIP.	Highly-contrived job sparkles in spots, lags elsewhere; love conquers all.	*Grace aux dames.*
THE CHARKA MEMORIAL *Wallace Ware* (Crime Club: $2.75)	East European envoy to US, tagged for one-way ride home, hunts escape hatch in DC, NY.	Starts strong, but pace flags; good writing fails to compensate.	He'll beat this one.
DEATH WEARS A MASK *Douglas G. Browne* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Village air-raid drill looses horses, violence; Harvey Tuke, Yard lawyer, smells rat.	Coincidences help, but pleasant yarn is deftly fashioned, nicely written.	For puzzle addicts.
TEACH YOU A LESSON *Jim Hollis* (Harper: $2.50)	Amorous high-school facultyette conked; staff, pupils, cops mill around.	Stream-of technique slows pace of story that tenses at many points.	Keep *your* kids out of *this* school.
QUEEN'S BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $3)	Punchy shorts, 18 strong, give Queens, *père et fils*, chance to strut stuff in NY, DC, etc.	Crisp, sharp handling, plus snap-whip endings, make this one a winner.	Prime goods.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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me earnestly that his great battle was to persuade Africans to mechanize. I had visions of tractors, and I expressed surprise. But no; all he meant was a plough and a pair of bullocks. That was in a backward tract and a year ago; they will be beyond that by now.

THERE is another side to all this. The African has gained the plough and the bicycle but lost his own soul; he need not fear the slave-raider and is beginning—here and there—to laugh at witches, at any rate in the daytime. But he has lost his old tribal values, often he has lost his self-respect; deeply he believes that his new rulers do not respect him as a man. Better the Arabs, who whipped him and speared him and slept with his women, than a people who herd him in bare hygienic mine compounds where women are not allowed, who by many of their public acts seem coldly to deny him a common humanity.

As in India 100 years earlier, some evils have been cleared away and Western ideas have proved a new exciting ferment. But the English in Central Africa cannot fulfil their task and go, as they did from India; it is not easy to apply here the lesson we thought we had learnt from George Washington. There are men here of our own stock who have built their own farms and factories, who have made Africa their home, whose daring and energy have made modern cities on the bare veldt. They form one element in a population which includes also the beginnings of a new class of Africans, Africans educated up to university standard in Western ways, a class still to be reckoned in tens. There are also millions of Africans who cannot read or write, who still believe in witches, to whom a plough and a cart are still something new and exciting which Grandpa never knew.

What is the right course? To give them all votes at once? Votes will not drive out witches or put bread in a man's mouth, or build him roads and schools. These things need capital, the will to pay it back and the knowledge to spend it wisely. If these are what the African wants he would be well-advised to leave the management of his affairs a little longer in the hands of people of European stock. But what he wants most may be something less material. Will votes give him self-respect and a soul he can call his own once more? Perhaps, but there is no voting in the Belgian Congo, either for African or European, and in the Congo the African looks, to a visitor's eye, happy, well-fed, and self-confident.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

LANGUAGES

FRENCH-ITALIAN, cultured lady from Paris. Studied Rome. WAtkins 9-0429 (NYC).

PERSONALS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1094

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

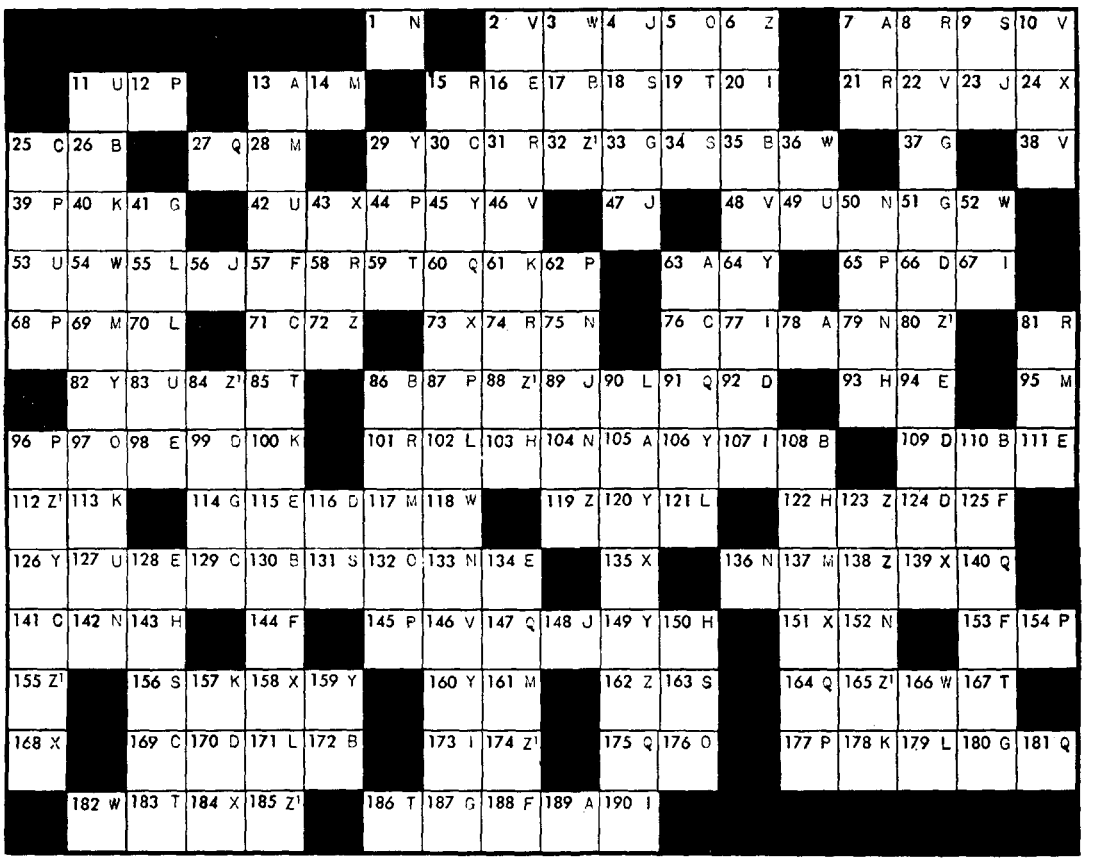
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What Edward I, King of England was "of the Scots" (1272-1307).	7 63 105 13 189 78
B. Wealth.	130 86 110 172 108 35 17 26
C. Efflux.	71 30 25 169 129 141 76
D. Reduce in weight.	116 170 124 66 109 92 99
E. Athenian poet and playwright, 5th cent. B.C., rival of Aristophanes; 7 times winner of prize for comedy.	134 115 128 16 111 98 94
F. Bole of a tree.	188 125 144 57 153
G. Four-sided pillar, usually a monolith, capped with a pyramidion.	187 114 51 41 37 180 33
H. Rank of Urania among her sisters.	150 93 103 143 122
I. Start.	77 173 20 190 67 107
J. British slang for annoyed.	56 47 4 89 23 148
K. What many an affectionate Great Dane thinks he is (2 wds.).	40 157 113 61 178 100
L. Pertaining to feasting.	121 70 179 171 90 55 102
M. In a friendly way.	137 161 28 69 117 95 14
N. To harden various materials in any of certain ways.	133 142 79 136 104 152 1 50 75
O. Town 40 miles from Paris, where Henry IV and Huguenots won famous battle, 1590.	132 97 5 176
P. Like a bad dream.	12 96 145 177 65 68 87 44 39 62 154
Q. U.S. Naval commander who directed attack on the Solomons, 1942.	91 164 27 147 175 60 181 140
R. Sand flea.	81 31 15 74 58 21 8 101
S. Colloquial for parsimonious.	131 18 34 9 156 163
T. Any liquid or gas which forms whirlpools.	59 85 167 183 19 186
U. Foreign.	83 127 49 42 11 53
V. The false hoof of a deer or pig.	48 10 46 2 22 146 38
W. FDR's Secretary of the Navy, 1933-9.	36 182 3 52 118 54 166
X. Monument consisting of two upright stones bearing a third as lintel.	73 139 135 158 168 184 43 151 24
Y. Instrument to measure curved lines as on a map.	45 29 106 82 160 159 126 64 149 120
Z. Branch out.	138 119 162 123 72 6
Z¹. Depending upon atmospheric conditions.	84 32 155 80 165 174 185 112 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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A Thrilling Surprise Each Month

With each package will come the fascinating story of the origin and significance of the article you receive — adding glamour to each shipment.

Think of the fun of receiving such exotic "surprise packages" month by month! It is like shopping around the world! That is the thrill of membership in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. Each month you'll look forward to the arrival of your foreign shipment with eager anticipation. Each month you'll experience the crowning thrill of the treasure-hunter when you open it to see what delightful surprise it has brought. You'll admire the unusual foreign craftsmanship, and you'll marvel at the incredible bargain.

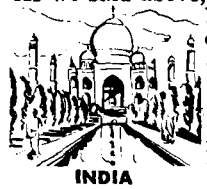
HOLLAND

As one enjoys the calm beauty of Holland, it is hard to remember that these people are at war . . . a continual war with the sea which forever beats at their doors. Discover Holland through membership in Around-the-World Shoppers Club!

You Pay Nothing Extra for Membership

It costs nothing to join the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. There are no membership fees or dues. You pay only for the regular monthly selections of merchandise—and only the low, uniform price of $2.00 apiece.

To introduce you to membership, why not take advantage of our *Trial Membership* offer! For only 25¢, we will send you a beautiful and fascinating gift made in a foreign land—postpaid and duty-free. This gift is guaranteed to be worth $4 to $6 if available in the United States. As we said above, we cannot tell you what the gift will be, but we assure you that it will be the most exciting gift available at the time your application is received!



INDIA

To penetrate the ancient mysteries of the East and enjoy her riches is a rewarding experience. The Around-the-World Shoppers Club helps bring India and her ancient wonders very close to Americans by selecting many of her most beautiful gifts.

You Can Cancel at Any Time

Your Trial Membership entitles you to receive regular Club gifts each month at the rate of $2.00 per gift, as long as you please if you so desire, but you can cancel your membership at any time.

Why not start your membership right now while you can have your first thrilling Surprise Gift for only 25¢! Use the coupon now!

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 853-X
71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.

I am enclosing 25¢ for which, upon your acceptance, you are to enroll me as a one-month trial member of Around-the-World Shoppers Club and send me my Surprise Gift. Then, if I like it you are to continue me as a member and send me the Club's monthly selection of foreign merchandise from the country of origin—for which I will pay quarterly at the rate of $2 per gift, postage paid and duty free. *It is understood, however, that if I do not like my Surprise Gift I may cancel my membership at any time within two weeks after receiving my first or any other gift.*

Name .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City & Zone..... State.....

(NOTE: The U. S. Post Office Dept. charges a service fee of 15c for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman and cannot be prepaid.)

CANADA: Write to 77 Vitre Street West, Montreal 1, Quebec.

Around-the-World Shoppers Club

Dept. 853-X, 71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.

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